NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

☞ The lectures of our friends, Burleigh, Hudson, and Johnson, in Richmond, Indiana, appear to have excited the ire of some of the good people of that place. The editor of the *Richmond Palladium*, published an unmanly attack on them, which is replied to by the *Free-Labor Advocate and Anti-Slavery Chronicle*, in the following "Review." It will be read with interest, being argumentative, clear, forcible, and dispassionate. We are not in possession of the Palladium's article, but the "Review" quotes enough to make the merits of the case perfectly intelligible.—G.

REVIEW.

In the Richmond Palladium of the 9th instant, is an editorial article with the following caption: "Abolition Lecturers.—Disgraceful Conduct." The design of the writer, if we are to judge from his production, was to hold up to public odium and indignation, those persons who have recently visited the West on an anti-slavery mission. While he takes pains to excite the feelings of the community against them, by the use of contemptuous language, and odious epithets, such as, "imported lecturers," "missionaries hired by the anti-slavery societies in the East, to awaken us to a sense of our sins," "itinerant demagogues," &c.—he, at the same time, to save appearances, affects to be very friendly to free discussion, and strongly opposed to slavery. It is really disgusting to hear the most determined opposers of every attempt so to regenerate public sentiment, as to establish the truth of the doctrine of immediate emancipation, in the midst of their fiery zeal against the abolitionists, interlarding their discourses with such saving clauses as these: "I am as much opposed to slavery as anybody," or, "no man hates slavery more than I do," or, in the language of the Palladium, "Slavery is both a moral and political evil." We have seen many such haters of slavery, that hated abolition worse; who, when pressed for arguments against the anti-slavery enterprise, have turned round, and defended slavery and justified the slaveholder. And we shall not be at all surprised, if we yet find the editor of the Palladium quoting scripture to prove the divine right of slavery. And we tell him it will be in vain for him to prate against mobs and riots, while he and others who are looked upon as among the respectable part of the community, indulge in such expressions respecting the abolitionists as to point them out as objects of public contempt and indignation; and especially when the public mind is so excited against them by the acts of religious bodies, and individuals in high standing, as to exclude them from every sanctuary of religious and other buildings erected for public purposes, and turn them into the wide world, as wretches unworthy of the countenance and common civilities of society. We have no hesitation in saying that the responsibility of those acts of lawless violence, which the Palladium affects so much to reprobate, rests mainly on those who exert a leading influence in civil and religious society, and who pursue such a course towards the advocates of equal human rights as to encourage the unprincipled and vicious to wreak upon them the malevolent passions of their nature. If abolitionists had received the countenance and encouragement of those who have obtained a leading influence in the community—if the meeting-houses had been freely thrown open, for them to plead the cause of the millions of their brethren who have fallen among thieves—if they had been treated and spoken of as the real advocates of the true principles of republican liberty, such a mortifying and reproachful scene as is described in the Palladium, would not, we fully believe, have disgraced the city of Richmond. This is a plain case; the rabble, the operatives, are the machinery; the influential and leading citizens, who give tone to public sentiment, are the mainspring, or propelling power that puts the machine in motion.

So much in general. We design now to notice a few particulars.

And first, we would inquire where the Palladium gets his authority for calling Burleigh, Johnson, and Hudson, *hirelings?* And in the second, why he so strongly objects to them on account of their being hired, if they are so? Is it peculiarly odious to be *hired?* or, in other words, to be employed by others to do a good work? We suppose the editor of the Palladium intends his paper to do good; if he does not, he is certainly practising a great imposition upon the public. We would ask if he is not paid for it? and, consequently, if he, *too*, is not a hireling? But it is evident that the term was used for effect merely; that is to render them odious, and particularly to excite against them the prejudices of a certain class of community; while the epithet, "itinerant demagogues," was designed to arouse the jealousy of all. And were it not that it would seem like retaliation we might say that "we are opposed to all such" stationary "demagogues," as the editor of the Palladium, as much as he can possibly be to "itinerant" ones.

But again, he says,—"We believe free discussion to be one of the most glorious attributes of a republican government. But while we wish to see every good citizen secured and protected in this right, we will not, by our presence or other means, countenance *hirelings*, who travel from one community to another, exciting and disturbing all without the least benefit to any."

The doctrines advocated by the abolitionists are nothing more than the doctrines of inalienable rights, as set forth in the Declaration of American independence, combined with that obligation imposed upon us by the higher authority of Him who said, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets." In the detail of those doctrines, and in the application of this rule, it is necessary to examine into their applicability to the case under consideration; that is, whether they will not impel us, if we are obedient to their mandate, to endeavor by all lawful, moral means, to effect the peaceable termination of slavery. Abolitionists believe that the system of slavery, as it exists in this country of boasted liberty, is one of great moral depravity; involving in its effects, evils of alarming import, not only to the slaves, but to the masters; and even the peace and prosperity, and the liberty of the whole nation, it is believed, are fast hurrying to ruin under the blighting influence of this national curse. Under these impressions they feel bound to step forward in behalf of their beloved, but suffering country, and in that manner, which, after mature deliberation, appears most eligible, to endeavor so to change public sentiment, as by peaceful means to do away this great and threatening evil, and thus to prevent the dreadful consequences that must attend its continuation. To effect this great object, they advise no rash or illegal measures,—they do not ask Congress to go beyond its constitutional jurisdiction,—they do not ask the North to interfere with the South in any other way than by the operation of a properly rectified public opinion on the great doctrine of human rights,—they rely with confidence on the power of truth, if it can be brought to bear upon the minds of the people; and they avail themselves of the liberty of speech and the press, (where it is not denied them,) to spread the light of truth before the world. What is there in these principles or measures, that should excite or disturb any thing but that which ought to be excited and disturbed? And we say, again, it is the deadly hostility of leading men, the editor of the Palladium included, that causes the excitement and disturbance they so much deprecate. If our wives or our children were in slavery in Algiers, and our fellow countrymen, commiserating their condition, and our sore privation, and believing that the President of the United States could exert a moral influence over the government of Algiers, that would effect their liberation, should send agents to Washington to wait upon the President, and endeavor to prevail with him to exert that influence—would the Palladium raise the cry of opposition to "imported lecturers," "hirelings," "itinerant demagogues," &c.? And what would he think of the President, should he treat those agents with contempt, refuse to hear them, turn them out of doors, complain of their "exciting and disturbing him, and benefiting nobody," and thus expose them to the popular indignation of an unprincipled and licentious populace? Now, make the application. The real sufferers, are two and a half millions of our brethren and sisters, the children of the same Almighty Parent, and objects of the same redeeming love with ourselves. Their oppressors are the slaveholders of our own professedly Christian nation, instead of heathen in a foreign land. Those who send out agents to plead the cause of the oppressed, are the abolitionists. Their agents are the lecturers, so much despised by the Palladium. And those to whom they are sent, and who possess an influence sufficient to liberate the slaves, are the *people*, who compose the government of the United States, and especially the people of the nominally free States,—and he who would endeavor, by the use of opprobrious epithets, to excite the prejudices of the community against those who are thus pleading the cause of down-trodden humanity, is either too ignorant, or too dishonest, to be entitled to a great share of the public confidence.

Take another extract,—"To the conscientious and disinterested patriot, who, acting under the influence of Deity, in the discussion of abolition, we will, at all times, extend the hand of fellowship, and bid him God-speed. But God will protect and defend his chosen servants. The abolitionist He sends forth, will go where the sin exists, and as He protected Daniel in olden days, so will He defend those who go into the den of the slaveholder to do His work."

The above is full of sophistry and unsoundness.—It is fairly insinuated, that no man can "act under the influence of Deity," or, as we suppose he means, from a sense of divine requiring, who receives any pecuniary compensation for his services. The Society of Friends, perhaps more than any other people, are careful to avoid making merchandise of the gospel, or bargaining for the exercise of spiritual gifts. This is right. Yet, in how many instances do *they* properly pay their members for services, which they believe should be performed under a feeling of religious duty? If, for instance, a properly qualified Friend should offer himself as a school teacher, Friends would be none the less likely to employ him, or give any the less wages, if he should profess, and they believe, that he felt it to be his duty to devote his time to the instruction of youth. The Yearly meetings of Baltimore, Ohio and Indiana, send hired agents west of the Mississippi, to instruct the Indians in civilization and Christianity: and great care is taken to get such agents to go, as feel it to be their duty. Or, in other words, such as "act under the influence of Deity." Do the Indians—does anybody object to these agents, because they are *hired?* or because they are "imported lecturers?" "or eastern gentlemen sent to enlighten them?" Such an objection would be ridiculous indeed; but not more so than those made against the anti-slavery agents. "But God will protect and defend his own servants"—"as He protected Daniel in olden days, so will He defend those who go into the den of the slaveholder to do His work." We know that the Lord can, and will, protect and defend His chosen servants from all suffering that is not, in some way or other, necessary or proper, in the promotion of the plans of infinite wisdom; but the insinuation that if the abolition lecturers were sent forth by a providential direction, they would not be exposed, as they are, to mob violence, and that they would be preserved from suffering, even in the den of the slaveholder; is contrary to the testimony of experience in all ages. The servant of the Lord is made perfect through sufferings; and if we would reign with Christ, we must suffer with him. And the argument, which has been advanced by others as well as neighbor Holloway, that the abuse which abolitionists receive at the hands of the rabble, is an evidence that they are not doing the work of the Lord, is an objection that discovers a great degree of blindness in those who make it. So far from proving them in error, it is very strong presumptive evidence, that those who receive this abuse, are in the line of their duty.

The abolitionist He sends forth will go where the sin exists." They do not go where the *sin* exists, if not slavery itself. And as the sin of mob violence rests with greater weight on the influential part of the community, who by their dark insinuations instigate the vulgar to shameful outrages, than on the immediate actors, who are in most cases the ignorant tools of designing knaves; so we believe the *sin* of slavery lies heavier upon the more enlightened apologists for, and defenders of, the system in the free States, than upon the slaveholders themselves, who have less light, and greater temptation; and are therefore more excusable. But the meaning of our brother editor, evidently is, that the abolitionist sent forth by divine authority, will go to the slave States to labor. What presumption! Who made him the director of the Lord's servants, or clothed him with authority to point out where they shall direct their labors? This is another edition of the stereotyped objection, so often reiterated in our ears, "why don't you go to the South?" There are many reasons why we don't go to the South. The first is sufficient without any more; and that is, we have not been sent there, or, in other words "the way has not opened;" and we do not wish to be found among those who run without being sent. If it were proper to attempt to enter so far into the divine counsels as to inquire why we have not been sent to the South; we would say, while there is so much to be done at the North, it is not necessary to go to the South.—While such a vitiated public sentiment prevails here, as to justify such articles as the one under consideration, from the pen of a leading editor; and such measures as are adopted to discountenance the advocates of equal rights, by all classes, from the foremost ranks in civil and religious society, down to the rotten-egg gentry; it would be worse than idle to go to the South. Let the North become right on this subject, and unitedly raise its voice in solemn remonstrance against the sin of oppression; let the slaveholders know that the abolitionists are sustained by the whole amount of worth and intelligence in the North, and then, we doubt not, but that way will open with clearness, to go and successfully plead with the oppressor face to face. In short, let us get the North right, and then we can go to the South with some prospect of success. Or rather, we are inclined to believe that the moral influence of a purified public sentiment at the North would so operate on the South as to abolish slavery without sending agents there. We have somewhere seen a very good illustration of this matter, given in reply to the objection against laboring in the free States, so far from the seat of slavery. But as we cannot recollect it, distinctly enough to present it in the language in which we saw it, we will tell it in our own way, adapted to the present case. A man was endeavoring to lift a large stone that lay deeply imbedded in the earth. He procured a long lever, and having contrived to get one end under the stone, with the fulcrum properly adjusted, was applying all his force at the further end. While in this situation, a clown, who was ignorant of the mechanical power of the lever, passing by, bawled out, "Why don't you go nearer to the stone! What do you expect to effect by wasting your strength here, so far from the object you wish to remove,—if you are really in earnest in your attempts to lift the stone, you will go and take hold of it with your hands,—why do you act so much like a fool or a——" In the midst of his nonsensical clamor, the operator came down with all his force, upon the end of his lever, and to the utter astonishment of the clamorer, the deep foundations were broken assunder, and the mighty rock was suspended in the air, overbalanced by the weight of a single man! Stand from under it neighbor Palladium! Indeed the necessity of this operation in the case of slavery, is so plain, that men of discernment cannot but see it, if they will; and we strongly suspect that many who tauntingly ask us why we don't go to the South, are not honest in the matter; but that the old adage might be properly applied to them; "They are more knaves than fools."

We will introduce one more extract, with some remarks on it, and then take our leave of the Palladium for the present. "Slavery" says he "is both a moral and political evil. In the latter sense we have nothing to do with it; but in the former it is our duty to bear a constant testimony against it, and at all times to rebuke the spirit of despotism whenever it may attempt to infuse itself into our institutions beyond that point acknowledged in the formation of our government.

Here is a plain contradiction. Slavery is acknowledged to be both a moral and political evil, infused into our institutions at the formation of our government, and yet as a political evil we have nothing to do with it! "O! wise young judge, another Daniel come to judgment!" If slavery be a moral and political evil, why is it not our duty to bear testimony against it politically as well as morally? or in its political as well as in its moral sense? If a system of horse-stealing had been infused into our institutions at the formation of our government, should we have nothing to do with it in a political sense? And what is horse-stealing, compared with man stealing? But we suppose he meant that in its political bearing, slavery is altogether a southern concern: and that the North neither has any political power over it, nor is politically affected by it; because in either case, we would have something to do with it in a political sense. We ask if slavery in the District of Columbia is not politically, as much the concern of the North as of the South?—If we are not politically responsible for our participation in a league of oppression, whereby we are bound to assist in suppressing insurrections of those, who, imitating the example of our fathers, may attempt to assert their liberties by force of arms?—if we are not politically affected by it in the apportionment of representation in the general government, and in the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands? But why need we particularize, after the acknowledgment from our neighbor of the Palladium himself that it was infused into our institutions and acknowledged in the formation of our government? O! consistency thou art indeed a jewel. But we perfectly understand, and are heartily disgusted with this hypocritical canting against political abolitionism, by those who have no hesitation in using political action to its greatest extent, for the purpose of supporting their party, securing their favorite measures respecting the financial concerns of the country, or redressing their own imaginary wrongs, ten thousand years of which, (to use the language of Jefferson,) would not be equal to one hour of those which the slaves are made to endure.

As a moral evil, the Palladium says, we should bear a constant testimony against it. Wonder how we can bear a testimony against it as a moral evil, and at the same time uphold it as a political one? Does the slaveholder—does anybody, feel the force of the testimony that the Palladium is bearing against slavery as a moral evil? And if he is really in favor of moral action, and only opposed to political abolition, those "eastern gentlemen" he treats so contemptuously, were the very men for his purpose: for they were decidedly in favor of moral action, in contradistinction to third-party political abolitionism. In conclusion, we wish to say that we harbor no invidious feelings towards our neighbor of the Palladium, but we extremely regret that the editor of a popular public journal should, either ignorantly or wilfully, endeavor to persuade the community that we have nothing to do with slavery as a political evil, and set himself to discourage every attempt to assail it effectually as a moral one.

Selections.

From the Genius of Liberty.

SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE AT THE SOUTH.

The following extract is copied from a Report of the Mississippi Baptist Convention on the "state of religion:"

"The black population, wherever they have enjoyed ministerial labors, have been foremost in the most important of inquiries, 'What must we do to be saved?'—And when the whites have come in by units, the blacks have come in by tens."

Rev. W. C. Crane, of Alabama, in an article written for the Baptist Banner and Pioneer, says:

"In Mobile, the colored members have a church of considerable size, and we have some faint recollection of a church at Lafayette, opposite New Orleans. In the Alabama Association, we are inclined to believe that there are one-third more colored members than whites. The returns from the churches last year, were incomplete, so that we cannot ascertain the exact proportion. We can give the proportion in three or four churches. In this church, (Montgomery, Ala.) there is between seventy-five and eighty white members, and about one hundred and twenty colored ones; in the Antioch church, about thirty whites, and one hundred and forty-five colored; in the Centre Ridge, (brother Hartwell's,) fifty whites, and thirty colored. There are a great many colored people in this country, who say they have been members of churches in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, and who have no letters, (for some of them we have written for letters) to enable them to join churches here, but have seldom succeeded. More attention should be paid to this matter. Those who manage the affairs of the colored churches, should be more vigilant in observing when colored persons leave their churches, and give them letters, if practicable, before they are beyond their reach. While upon this subject, we wish to say further, that so far as this church is concerned, the colored brethren have as many privileges as the whites; they can attend all our services; besides which, brother Cæsar preaches exclusively to them one or two Sabbath afternoons in the month, and the pastor preaches to them one Sabbath in the month, while the other afternoons they have the meeting-house for prayer and exhortation. Last Sabbath we worshipped with them, and heard brother Cæsar preach to a crowded house."

But notwithstanding the greater amount of spirituality and large plurality of church members in favor of the slave population, as exhibited by the above extracts, still they are in a deplorable state of ignorance and darkness, as will appear from the following extracts from the report of the committee of the convention above referred to. The exertions for the instruction and spiritual benefit of the slaves, though feeble as they are, may be blessed, if they be carried out with sincerity:

"Your committee, in contemplating the condition and welfare of the slave population of our State, can but esteem it a subject of vast importance to the religious community, and especially to our denomination. The refection, that so many of them, deprived of the means of grace, in a state of ignorance, superstition, and moral death, are constantly leaving the world, in an unprepared state, to meet Christ in judgment, cannot fail, we think, to excite in every Christian bosom, a deep interest for their welfare.

It is truly gratifying to your committee, to know that efforts have been made, in many parts of our State, in behalf of the colored people; many of our churches have special meetings for their benefit, when the ministers of God endeavor, in the simplest manner possible, to present the truths of the blessed gospel. And it is also matter of rejoicing, that some of our brethren are in the habit of reading to their own servants the blessed word of God, and endeavor to enforce its truths upon their minds, exhorting them to embrace the Saviour; while the masters and slaves bow before one common mercy-seat, in fervent prayer for the conversion and salvation of all. * * * * In order that the spiritual welfare of the colored population may be improved, your committee would recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we recommend to all the churches to hold special meetings for their benefit; and that the ministers be requested to preach to them, on all suitable occasions.

2. Resolved, That we recommend to every brother who owns slaves, to read the holy scriptures to them, as much as convenient, and teach them the principles of our holy religion."

But there is another view to be taken of this zeal for the conversion of the slaves, as will appear from the following extract from the New Orleans Advertiser:

"The negroes of the Parish of St. Mary are joining the Baptists in great numbers. We are glad to hear of it; for no beings need the influence of religion more than the slave, *to teach him his duty to his master!*"

Thus are we let into the secret of the slaveholding benevolence and desire for the salvation of the victims of oppression. The "brother who owns slaves" is recommended to "read the holy scriptures to them as much as convenient," and the minister to "preach to them on all suitable occasions," that they may be taught "the principles of our holy religion," not that they may make it the rule of their lives—not that they may obey their heavenly Master, and consecrate their lives to His holy service—but to "*teach them their duty to their* [earthly] *master*," that they may learn to be submissive; and in the hopes of a reward in that "world where no slavery is," contentedly, without wages, make their master's sugar, raise their master's rice, and pick their master's cotton. Such religion is solemnized impiety—such benevolence is supreme selfishness—such salvation is not the salvation of the soul, but the securing of stolen property in the hands of the thief and the receiver of stolen goods.

From the foregoing extracts, the following inferences may be deduced, as to the spiritual condition of the slaves and their masters:

1. That the slaves, as a general thing, are "deprived of the means of grace, and remain in a state of ignorance, superstition, and moral death."

2. That destitute as they are of spirituality, and the influence of the simple principles of the gospel, the white population, though greater in numbers, and by far their superiors in intelligence, are in a still more deplorable condition—that in the churches there are one-third more colored members than whites, and that in seeking salvation, "when the whites have come in by units, the blacks have come in by tens;" showing that spirituality will not thrive with slavery, and that it is better here for the sufferers than for the doers of evil.

3. That little attention is paid to their church connection; that the attempts to obtain letters from churches for members who have been driven from the slave-breeding States to the South by the slave trader, to enable them to join churches there, seldom succeed.

4. That artificial distinctions are made between those brethren on earth who expect to spend an eternity together in Heaven. That they have colored churches, colored ministers, and a colored distinction in Christian intercourse. That, in the boasted improved spiritual condition of the slaves, the white minister, (the *Pastor,*) on some suitable occasions, condescends to preach for their special benefit; and that some masters, when it suits their convenience, read to them the Bible;* and these indications of improvement are hailed as matters of rejoicing.

5. That while many, doubtless, are actuated by the sincere desire for the spiritual good of the slaves, the prevailing anxiety is for the temporal interests of the slaveholder, and therefore the little religious instruction which the slave receives is given him that he may be more trusty and profitable to the master.

* Said a slave, in describing the religious character of his master, and the spiritual instruction which he had received from him—"Massa be very good Christian man; he read to us every day from the Bible, 'Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling.'"

AN ABSTRACT OF DR. HARRIS'S SPEECH

Before the New-Hampshire Congregational and Presbyterian Society for the Abolition of Slavery, at its anniversary meeting, held at Francestown, August 24, 1841.

I desire to make a few remarks before this meeting, as it is probably the last one of the kind I shall ever have the opportunity of attending, being an old man, over eighty years—and being very infirm, it is not at all likely I shall ever be permitted to attend another anniversary of this society. I desire, therefore, that you will be patient, and hear what I have to say with candor; for I shall speak as in the presence of my final Judge, and expect shortly to answer for what I shall say.

I sympathize deeply in the objects of this society. I fought, my hearers, for the liberty which you enjoy. It surprises me that every man does not rally at the sound of liberty, and array himself with those who are laboring to abolish slavery in our country. The very mention of it warms the blood in my veins, and old as I am, makes me feel something of the spirit and impulses of '76.

Then, liberty *meant* something. *True liberty—independence—freedom*—were in every man's mouth. They were the sounds at which they rallied, and under which they fought and bled. They were the words which encouraged and cheered them through their hunger, and nakedness, and fatigue—in cold and in heat. The word slavery then filled their hearts with horror. They fought because they would not be slaves. Those whom liberty has cost nothing do not know how to prize it. Let them struggle for it as I have, and they will know better what it is worth. I served in the Revolution, in General Washington's army, three years under one enlistment. I have stood in battle, where balls, like hail, were flying all around me. The man standing next to me was shot by my side. His blood spouted upon my clothes, which I wore for weeks. My nearest blood, except that which runs in my veins, was shed for liberty. My only brother was shot dead instantly in the Revolution. Liberty is nearest my heart. I cannot endure the thought that my countrymen should be slaves.

When stationed in the State of Rhode Island, the regiment to which I belonged was once ordered to what was called a flanking position; that is, upon a place which the enemy must pass, in order to come round in our rear, to drive us from the post.—This pass was every thing, both to them and to us. Of course, it was a post of imminent danger. They attacked us with great fury, but were repulsed. They reinforced and attacked us with more vigor and determination, and again were repulsed.—Again they reinforced and attacked us the third time with the most desperate courage and resolution, but a third time were repulsed. The contest was fearful. Our position was hotly disputed, and as hotly maintained.

But I have another object in view in stating these facts. I would not be trumpeting my own acts.—The only reason why I have named myself in connection with this transaction, is to show that I know whereof I affirm. There was a *black* regiment in the same situation. Yes, a regiment of *negroes*, fighting for our liberty and independence, not a white man among them but the officers, stationed in this same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate valor and fury, by well-disciplined and veteran troops; and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve our army from capture. They fought thus through the war. They were brave, hardy troops. They helped gain our liberty and independence.

Now that war is over, our freedom is gained, what is to be done with the colored soldiers who have shed their blood in its defence? Must they be sent off out of the country because they are black? Or must they be sent back to slavery, now they have risked their lives and shed blood to secure the freedom of their masters? I ask what become of these noble colored soldiers? Many of them, I fear, were taken back to the South, and doomed to the fetter and the chain.

And why is it, that the colored inhabitants of our nation, born in this country, and entitled to all the rights of freemen, are held in slavery? Why, but because they are black? I have often thought that should God see fit, by a miracle, to change their color, straighten their hair, and give their features and complexion the appearance of the whites, slavery would not continue a year. No. You would then go and abolish with the sword, if it were not speedily done without. But is it a suitable cause for making men slaves, because God has given them such a color, such hair, and such features as he saw fit?

I was about to say, (but I will not say it,) that God hates slavery as bad as any of us; but I will say that He hates it infinitely more—that he will never bless and prosper, for any length of time, a nation which supports such a system. God has made His children free; and no man, or any nation of men, have any right to make or hold them slaves.

This is a slaveholding nation. Our capital is the seat of slavery, and it ought to be abolished there without delay. Congress has full power to set every slave free in the District of Columbia. If it has not, who has? No other body of men can legislate for that district. Maryland cannot abolish slavery in that part of it which was ceded by that State. Virginia cannot abolish slavery in that part of it which was ceded by that State. Neither of those States can make any laws for the District of Columbia. Either, therefore, Congress can do it, or else it cannot be done. But nobody doubts that there is a right somewhere to remove this system from this district. Why, then, should we not petition Congress to abolish it? Why, then, should we not choose men for representatives who will respect liberty, and let the oppressed go free? I *may*—probably shall not live to see this done; but I do hope my countrymen will not cease their efforts till our rulers are true friends of liberty.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

AMERICAN FREE-PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The third annual meeting of the American Free-Produce Association was held at Clarkson Hall, Philadelphia, on the 19th and 20th of Tenth month, (October,) 1841,—HENRY GREW, one of the Vice Presidents, in the Chair.

Aaron L. Benedict, of Ohio; Eli Hambleton, of Chester county, Pennsylvania; Griffith Levering, of Maryland; Sarah T. Harvey, of Chester county; Wm. C. Betts, of Philadelphia; and Abraham L. Pennock, of Delaware county, Pennsylvania, were appointed to propose a plan by which this association could more efficiently promote the cause of abstinence from slave produce.

Benjamin S. Jones, Thomas S. Cavender, and Sarah Pugh, were appointed to prepare a memorial to Congress in relation to the importation of foreign cotton, asking an abolition of the duty thereon.

Elizabeth J. Neall and Mary Grew were appointed to audit the Treasurer's report.

Thomas S. Cavender, Sarah Pugh, Wm. C. Betts, Lucretia Mott, and Eli Hambleton, were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

Thomas S. Cavender, Eli Hambleton, Lucretia Mott, Wm. C. Betts, and Sarah A. M'Kim, were appointed to prepare and report business for the meeting.

The following report was read and adopted:—

The committee appointed to devise some plan for the more efficient promotion of the cause of abstinence, report—That they have twice met, and, after a free investigation of the subject, were unable to see in what way the object of the association could be better promoted than by each one abstaining from the use of the slave-grown produce. From information received from various sources, the committee have ascertained that there is a large quantity of cotton produced by free labor, which could be procured if there were funds at command, and persons properly authorized to obtain it. They would therefore suggest that the association recommend to each individual who approves of this measure, to contribute two dollars or upwards, annually, to be applied exclusively to the increase of articles produced by free labor; also, that the association appoint a committee to act as its agent, to introduce the subject into the different anti-slavery societies, so far as may be practicable, and to urge upon their members the great necessity of practically embracing the principle of abstinence, as an important part of their measures for the final overthrow of American slavery.

On behalf of the committee.
AARON L. BENEDICT.

The committee appointed to prepare a memorial, reported the following, which was adopted:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

The memorial of the members of the American Free-Produce Association now in session in Philadelphia, represents, that we, together with a considerable and increasing number of our fellow-citizens, believe it wrong to countenance and sustain slavery, especially by using the produce of that system of labor, for by so doing we become participants in the act and sharers in the guilt. In our efforts to promote the objects of this association—one of which is the substitution of free for slave-labor goods—we have been obliged to pay a heavy duty on the importation of foreign cotton. So far as we are concerned, its effects upon us are essentially a tax upon conscientious scruples.

We would therefore respectfully but earnestly ask, that the duty to which we have called your attention may be speedily repealed; but if you should deem it impolitic wholly to abrogate it, we would request you to enact a law permitting all cotton imported by our association for the use of its members, and those who hold similar views, be admitted into our ports free of duty. By so doing, you would be injuring none, but would manifest your respect for the conscientious scruples of a portion of your fellow-citizens and constituents.

The committee on the Treasurer's account reported that they had found it correct, as follows:

Balance in treasury at last report,	$ 16
Receipts,	164 74
	$164 90
Expenditures,	163 59
Balance in Treasurer's hands,	1 31

The committee on nominations presented a report, which was adopted, as follows:

President—ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK.
Vice Presidents—Gerrit Smith, Henry Grew, Wm. H. Johnson, Edward Needles.
Recording Secretary—Benj. S. Jones.
Corresponding Secretary—Thomas S. Cavender.
Treasurer—Elizabeth T. Bunting.
Executive Committee—James Mott, William C. Betts, Sarah Pugh, Lucretia Mott, Lydia White, John H. Cavender, Sarah H. Palmer, Mira Orum, Grace Douglass, Eli Hambleton, Daniel L. Miller, jr., Harriet Schneider.

During the several sessions of the association the business committee reported, and the meeting discussed and adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we deeply regret that some abolition lecturers and editors neglect the advocacy of abstinence from the products of unrequited toil, and that we consider all such persons as culpably deficient in the charge of their duty.

Resolved, That the excuse which some abolitionists make for using the fruits of the robbery of the poor, *viz:* that their abstinence will be very inefficient in its consequence, is as inconsistent with the maintenence of righteous principle and as a fallacious in its character, as the same excuse made by the individual slaveholders for continuing to rob his brother of his liberty.

Whereas, We believe that abstinence from slave produce is one of the most efficient means of peacefully abolishing the system of slavery, and whereas, the great mass of professed abolitionists seem to feel little interest in the advancement of the cause which this association was designed to promote, therefore

Resolved, That it becomes the friends of abstinence to bestow of their means with a liberal hand, and to give their pecuniary aid and labor, more especially to this much-neglected branch of the anti-slavery enterprise.

Resolved, That we recommend to the members and friends of the association to contribute at least *one dollar* each to its funds during the ensuing year; the same to be appropriated in such manner as the doner may specify, or left to the discretion of the Executive Committee.

Resolved, That in view of the profession of the members of the Society of Friends, they are especially bound to abstain from the produce of slave labor; that, having taken a high stand in relation to slavery, they should be particularly watchful that they do not, by inconsistently giving it their support, prove a stumbling-block in the way of those whose standard is not so exalted; that, maintaining a testimony against fraudulently obtaining any kind of property, they should be careful not to give countenance to a system of unqualified and continual robbery; that, declaring hostility to every principle of war, they are culpably inconsistent in rendering support to an institution which was originated, and is now sustained, solely through force and violence.

Resolved, That as it is the duty of abolitionists to labor for the abolition of slavery, whether they shall succeed sooner or later, and even if they should never gain their object; so is it equally their duty to abstain from the produce of the slave's toil, as a tribute due to principle and consistency, without regard to the beneficial influence of such a course upon the system; which should be upheld as an additional inducement, rather than as the chief reason for their faithfulness.

Resolved, That we would again express our pleasure in the existence of "The British India Society," and our great dependence for the ultimate abolition of American slavery, upon its faithful labors, in promoting the cultivation in India, of cotton and other products, which are now raised in this country by slave labor.

A resolution in relation to preparing a memorial to professing Christians upon the sin of sustaining slavery by using the products of slave labor, was referred to the Executive Committee,

Benjamin S. Jones, Sarah Pugh and Thomas S. Cavender, were appointed to select and publish the proceedings of the meeting.

The following was adopted, as the closing resolution:

Resolved, That in closing the proceedings of this meeting we respectfully and earnestly commend the cause of abstinence from the produce of the slave's labor, to all who plead for his emancipation; trusting that, as they urge upon the slaveholder the faithful performance of his duty, they will not refuse to give to this branch of the anti-slavery enterprise, that consideration which its importance demands.

From the Baptist Register of October 20th.

NEW-YORK BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

The twentieth anniversary of this Convention was celebrated at Whitesboro, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

A delightful measure of harmony and brotherly love has distinguished nearly its entire career. For two or three years past, there has been some subtraction from the pleasure of our anniversaries by the introduction of the abolition topic; and at this meeting much time was occupied about it; but the strength of fraternal attachment, we trust, was not impaired. The discussion was sufficiently exciting, and in some instances feelings were wounded; yet the explanations and concessions were of that generous character, there could be no permanent interruption of Christian friendship. Indeed, when a calm retrospect of the scene is taken, and the infirmities of our nature considered, in the ardor of anxious debate, it is rather matter of surprise that a greater trespass on Christian propriety was not exhibited. The spectacle of dissension in a benevolent association, where all should be union and peace, is by no means comfortable, but far otherwise; nevertheless, when such a thing does occur, it is a cheering consolation to reflect on the termination of the controversy, that there has been no unimpaired infringement of Christian courtesy, which can furnish ground for exultation by the enemies of the cross, but on the other hand, much to challenge their admiration, and leave them subdued with the impression of a strange and invincible attachment. We think that, even in the estimation of enemies, and particularly of the many intelligent spectators present, the denomination lost nothing in its character, but that it was rather elevated than depressed both in regard to piety and talents. The discussion was certainly maintained with great dignity and ability; and at the conclusion, there was a kind and affectionate separation, and such a settlement of the matter, that the future anniversaries, we trust, will not be disturbed with any similar embarrassment.—So far as we are concerned, we do earnestly pray that we may give no just occasion for it. The resolutions adopted by the Convention, with the appendage of an umpire, as will be seen in the minutes, we hope may effectually preclude it.

The Register was impugned by the committee from the anti-slavery convention, as having departed from the resolution of compromise of last year. To settle the question, a proposition was made by us to the said committee, to submit it to an umpire, to be chosen as follows, to wit: two be selected by the said committee, and two by us; these four to choose a fifth, whose interpretation should be conculsive and absolute. This not being accepted, a new resolution was presented by them for the action of the Convention. A long discussion ensued, in which brethren Eldridge, Galusha, and Blain, were the chief speakers, on the one side, and brethren Vogell, E. Tucker, R. Babcock, and E. Bright, jr., on the other. A substitute, however, had been proposed by Professor Maginnis, for their adherence to the compromise resolution, with the appendage of an umpire as above-mentioned, which being put for the decision of the Convention, passed by a vote of 92 to 44. This ended the controversy, and we hope it may quiet all unhappy dissensions hereafter, and that we shall go on in a kind and fraternal concert, aiming to give increasing efficiency to the operations of this beloved and important body.

On our part it shall not be designedly ruptured. We have no unkind feelings to gratify. Toward all we would cherish undissembled affection, and that any other feelings should have been indulged by us during the session, is matter of deep regret. We entreat that offense may not be taken in future, where none is designed; and let us not be discredited when we solemnly avow, that we have not a fibre in our constitution congenial with the system of American slavery, though we may differ from some of our brethren as to the best way of getting rid of the evil. As we all most sincerely deplore it as a blot upon our country, and afflicting in any aspect, we can pray about it. This is the best and the most effectual resort—and as the Convention have unanimously recommended this resort, as will be seen by the minutes, we trust it will not be forgotten.

From the Liberator.

STATE OF THINGS IN JAMAICA.

Mrs. Nancy Prince, a respectable and intelligent colored female, who went last year in company with other emigrants to Jamaica, has recently returned from that island to this city, and has just issued a small pamphlet, entitled, "The West Indies: being a description of the islands—progress of Christianity, education and liberty among the colored population generally." Some of her statements are worthy of notice. It seems that every effort is made by the missionaries to procure proselytes to their various sects, especially the Baptist. They hold class-meetings, and have deacons and *deaconesses*, some of whom cannot even read; but these possess considerable spiritual authority over the ignorant emancipated population, and go round and urge them to attend the class-meetings. After they have attended two or three times, they are considered candidates for baptism! This novel process of regeneration is connected with pecuniary gain. Some pay fifty cents, and some more, for being baptized!—This is prompt fleecing. On being baptized, they receive a ticket as a passport to the church, and are taxed, some not less than two English shillings, some more, a year. In addition to this, they must attend their class once a week, and pay three pence each time, besides the sums they pay once a month at communion; on which occasion, they are examined by the deacons, to ascertain if each one has brought a ticket: if not, they cannot commune. It is said that most of the communicants are so ignorant of the ordinance, that they join the church merely to have a decent burial!—for, if they are not members, *none will follow them to the grave, no prayers will be said over them;* but they are borne through the streets by

.... news spreads that one is dying, all the class with their leader will assemble at the place, and join in singing hymns. This, they say, is to help the spirit up to glory. This exercise sometimes continues all night, in so loud a strain that it is seldom any can sleep in the neighborhood. The next day they bury their dead. The corpse is borne by four bearers, some of the deacons preceding, and a great company of men and women following—the women first, dressed in white, with a strip of white cotton bound round the head, and falling to the ground." This discloses a most extraordinary *ruse* of priestcraft, to increase the number of church members and, consequently, the amount of pecuniary contributions—advantage being taken of the prevalent desire for a decent burial, and all possible disrespect being shown to those who die out of the pale of the church. If these things be so, we shall be compelled to alter our opinion of the English missionaries, and to place their piety and honesty at a low rate.

To show how superstition reigns, (for, though slavery has been abolished, its terrible consequences have only been mitigated, not removed,) it is stated that, after the burial of the dead, the company return to the house, and have a regular wake. They believe the spirit of the deceased is present with them, for nine days, and they leave a place for him at the table, paying him all the attention they give to the visible guests!

It is said to be generally their policy to have the sanction of colored ministers to all their assessments and taxes. "The colored people give more readily, and are less suspicious of imposition, if one from themselves recommends the measure. This the missionaries understand very well, and know how to take advantage of it." Mack is the name of a small coin in circulation in Jamaica. One respectable colored resident complained of the missionaries as follows:—"Sometimes they say we must all bring £1. To raise this, we have to sell at a loss, or to borrow, so that we have nothing left for ourselves—[they receive but 33 cents a day for their labor]—the macaroon hunters take all. This is a nickname they give the missionaries and the class-leaders. A cutting sarcasm this!"

Having expressed her mind somewhat freely as to the necessity of church members being moral in their conduct, and her regret at seeing so much immorality winked at, one of the ministers told her he hoped she would not express herself in this manner, except to him. "They have the gospel," he said, "and let them come into the church."—He then declaimed against women's societies:—"those destroyed the World's Convention!"—"The American women have too many of them."

The laborers have yet many obstacles to contend with, and very little to encourage them.—Every advantage is taken of their ignorance. The same spirit of cruelty is opposed to them, as held them for centuries in bondage. All that they purchase is bought at an extortionate price, and even their bibles are sold to them at a large advance on the first purchase. Mrs. Prince freely inquires—"Where are their apologists, if they are found wanting in the strict morals that Christians ought to practice? Who kindly says, forgive them when they err? forgive them—this is the bitter fruit of slavery. Who has integrity sufficient to hold the balance when these poor people are to be weighed? *Yet their present state is blissful, compared with slavery.*"

Notwithstanding every drawback, they are steadily rising in the scale of improvement. All the stalls at one market visited by Mrs. Prince, (between three and four hundred,) were kept by colored men and women. She adds:

"Thus it may be hoped that they are not the lying, stupid set of beings they have been called, but are enterprising, and quick in their perceptions, determined to possess themselves, and to possess property besides, and quite able to take care of themselves. They wished to know why I was so inquisitive about them. I told them, 'We have heard in America, that you are lazy, and that emancipation has been no benefit to you. I wish to inform myself of the truth respecting you, and to give a true representation on my return. Am I right?' More than two hundred people were around me, listening to what I said. They thanked me heartily. I gave them some tracts, and told them, if it so pleased God, I would come to them, and try what could be done with some of the poor children to make them better."

Conversing with an innkeeper, a few miles from Kingston, she inquired—"How do the people get along since their emancipation?" "The negroes," he replied, "will have the island, in spite of the devil. Do you see how they live, and how much they can bear? We cannot do so." This man was an Englishman, *with a large family of mulatto children.*

Respecting the condition of the emigrants, she says:

"Many leave their homes, and come to Jamaica, under the impression that they are to have their passage free; and, on reaching the island, are to be found until they can provide for themselves. How the mistake originated, I am not able to say; but, on arriving here, strangers, poor and unacclimated, the debt for passage money is hard and unexpected. It is remarkable that, wherever they come from, whether fresh from Africa, from the other islands, from the South, or from New-England, they all feel deceived on this point. I called on many Americans, and found them poor and discontented, rueing the day they left their country."

The American consul remarked to Mrs. Prince, that it was folly for the Americans to come to the island to better their condition. "He said they came to him every day, praying him to send them home." He also spoke of the great mortality amongst the emigrants. The experiment has now been so fairly tried, in regard to the emigration scheme, and it having proved so fatal to the lives or so injurious to the interests of the great body of those who have gone to the West Indies, we feel in duty bound to advise such of our colored friends, in this country, as think of emigrating to Trinidad or Jamaica, not to go. Their hopes will be blasted, their condition made more uncomfortable, and in all probability they will speedily fall victims to the climate.

Mrs. Prince contemplates returning to Jamaica in the course of a few weeks, as a door of usefulness seems to be opened to her. With the aid of the benevolent, she proposes to establish at Kingston, or in the vicinity, an asylum for the orphan and the outcast, where they may be taught without money and without price. She is now soliciting aid to carry this benevolent purpose into effect. Her narrative is for sale at 25 Cornhill. Price 12 1-2 cents.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

MR. EDITOR,—It is with great pleasure that I noticed in your last paper, an article concerning the free people of color, and hope that you will continue to call the attention of your readers to the subject.

I am not at all surprised at the ignorance of the lady, to whom you alluded, who did not know that the colored people in this city had a church of their own. A few years ago a preacher, who appeared to pity the poor blacks very much, told his hearers, with a most protecting air of condescension, that he should be very willing to visit the poor creatures in their little huts! Such ignorance is not confined to the few. There are thousands in this city, whose knowledge of the real situation of the colored people here and elsewhere, is very nearly on a par with that of the sapient speaker. No longer ago than yesterday, I was told by an ex-editor of an eastern paper, who has resided for some months in Virginia, that the condition of the field and house slaves, in that State, in food, clothing, and labor, was far preferable to that of the colored people. They were in part so very happy, that he really envied their situation! How would such a person be amazed, were their true situation revealed at once to his benighted vision. In one street he would find four individuals, to say nothing of others in various parts of the city, whose taxes amount to nearly a thousand dollars a year, and who, in point of intelligence, refinement, and all that renders life desirable are immeasurably his superiors, and yet with a heartless flippancy, a compound of debasing ignorance and unpardonable prejudice, which has blinded his judgment, he talks with great fluency, of the wretchedness of the free colored people, and the superior condition of the happy slave. To counteract the influence of statements so pernicious, is the especial duty of every friend of human rights, and to do this effectually he must understand the true condition of the colored people, and be ready with his facts and statistics to silence the slanders, and refute the lies, and correct the mis-statements of the enemies of abolition.—When taunted with the objection that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth," he should be able to say to the objector, come and see.

While disposed to give due credit for their great and manifest improvement, he should not overlook the fact, that there remaineth very much land to be possessed, that many are sunk in ignorance and vice, who need, and will accept, a helping hand to raise them from their degradation. Then let the friends of the colored people employ the coming winter in imparting that instruction which they both need and desire. Let them be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and the cause which they know not, let them search out.

A good work has been begun in the cause of temperance. Let it be continued. Let the evening and day schools, both public and private, be filled up, and moral instruction keep pace with literary and scientific advantages, and the cloud of prejudice and ignorance, which has so long overshadowed so large a portion of this much injured portion of our fellow-citizens will be dispelled.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Among our anti-slavery items of last week, was an account of the sale of a slave at the St. Louis Exchange, for the exorbitant price of $8,000. At the time of publication, we were not aware of the facts set forth in the following statement. They give a new complexion to the case.—*Standard.*

Slaves.—The New Orleans papers mention a singular circumstance witnessed recently at the St. Louis Exchange. The city Marshal, at the usual hour, proceeded to the sale of a female slave, seized in the suit of E. Johns, a free man of color, versus Lockwood, a free woman of color. The plaintiff, we are told, is either the husband or brother of the slave under seizure, and showed not a little anxiety to become the purchaser. The bidding commenced—a white man in the crowd bidding against the man of color, as high, as the sum of $7,800. The colored man, however, bid $8,000, and the slave was adjudged to be his property.

On reading the above, we thought we fully understood it; not doubting that the "free man of color" had magnanimously purchased the slave represented to be either his sister or wife, to save her from the infamy of falling into the hands of the white man. But the following, taken from another New Orleans paper, makes us less confident in the construction we had put upon the circumstance.

"Yesterday, a slave named Sarah was sold to the highest bidder at the Exchange, for the sum of *eight thousand dollars*, to the astonishment of a crowd of spectators. We have made some inquiry into this extraordinary sale, and have gathered the following information:

About two months ago, a Mr. Payson made an affidavit before the Recorder of the First Municipality, in the name of a colored woman, stating that Lockwood, f. m. c. held in concealment a slave named Sarah, of which the said colored woman was the owner. The affair having been investigated a few days after, Lockwood declared himself the master of the slave. The Recorder then decided, that, as there existed a dispute respecting the ownership of the property, the case must be referred to a competent tribunal. In the meanwhile, the slave was detained in the prison.

Some time after this occurrence, Edward Johns, a free man of color, obtained a judgment against Lockwood, for the sum of $900, and seized, in satisfaction of the suit, the girl Sarah, who is said to be Lockwood's daughter. At the judicial sale, which took place yesterday, Payson, acting, doubtless, by the authority of the original claimant, and E. Johns, bid against each other, from $500 to $8,000, for which sum the slave was finally adjudged to the latter. The sale had been made for cash, but subsequently authorised the Marshal to accept John's notes in settlement."

From this it would appear that the purchase had been made with an understanding between the plaintiff and the party seized, and that the enormous price paid for the purchase of Sarah was purely nominal.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THE PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION,

For the Moral and Mental Improvement of the People of Color.

The following communication was sent us last week, but too late for convenient insertion. We publish it this week, earnestly commending it to the attention of the benevolent. The object presented is highly praiseworthy, and in the promotion of it most persons may aid without the slightest sacrifice. Those of our friends who are continually protesting that they are as friendly to the colored people as the abolitionists, but cannot see their way clear to unite with them, will here have an opportunity, by helping to clothe and educate the destitute colored children of the city, to evince the sincerity of their professions.

This institution received an act of incorporation in February, 1835. The principles contained in the following extract of the charter will show the great object of the Association. It is to afford assistance to the children of such persons of color as are unable to provide suitable clothing to enable them to appear decently at the free schools. The association are desirous to facilitate the various efforts for diffusing the benefits of education through the means of the public schools, but from the pecuniary embarrassment of many of the people, though willing, they are unable to provide suitable apparel for their children to appear decently at the schools. The operations of the association during last winter were principally to aid and assist the scholars of the Lombard street school, in order that they should be in regular attendance. To this end thirty-six pair of shoes and eight pieces of other clothing—pantaloons and roundabouts—were distributed by the association; and as there has been recently a Primary School established which will demand the immediate attention of the association, whose funds, without immediate assistance from some source, will enable us to do very little this season: and being desirous to extend our efforts, in behalf of the schools, beyond last winter, so that the late erected Primary School shall receive our attention, we make this appeal to a benevolent public for donations either of money or articles of clothing, to aid in carrying forward the objects the association have in view. The following persons are authorized by the association to receive donations, viz:—F. A. Hinton, No 18, Powell street; John Bowers, No. 69, South Second street, or 37 Middle alley; Benjamin Wilson, No. 9, Green's Court; John Coulter, No. 9, Watson alley; Wesward F. Feeling, No. 237, South Seventh street.

BENJAMIN WILSON,
Corresponding Secretary.

From the Congregational Observer.

THE LIBERATED AFRICANS GOING HOME!

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It gives me pleasure to acquaint you that "The Mendi People," with the leave of Providence, will embark for Sierra Leone about the 15th of November next. They are in excellent health and spirits, and highly exhilarated at the prospect of returning shortly to their native shores, to their kindred and homes. The committee here, with the concurrence of the committee at Farmington, who have so long had the special oversight of the Mendians, intend to take Cingue, Kinna, Kali and a few others to Boston, and perhaps to Salem, Lowell, Worcester, Northampton and Springfield, to attend a public meeting in each place, that the community may have the pleasure of seeing what progress has been made by them in study, &c., and of contributing to their return and to the contemplated mission in Mendi.—Mr. William Raymond and wife expect to accompany the Mendians to their native land, and to reside there in the capacity of religious teachers. *It is hoped that one or more individuals or families will offer themselves in season to go with them. It is exceedingly desirable that a colored minister should also go.* Contributions are earnestly solicited. No time should be lost in transmitting them to Amos Townsend, jr. New Haven; John T. Norton, Esq. Farmington; S. S. Cowles, Hartford; or to

Your obedient servant,
LEWIS TAPPAN, New-York.

CINCINNATI THE OUTPOST.

Recent transactions show that Cincinnati is the outpost of the anti-slavery cause—and more beset by pro-slavery influences than any other spot in the free States. It will require the most strenuous efforts to maintain ourselves in this position.

So intimate is her intercourse with the South, so strong is the tide of mercenary feeling, such a panic prevails lest our movements should drive away southern trade, that there will be constant danger for a long time, of outbreaking violence.

Let our friends throughout the State bear this in mind, and by their liberality aid us in carrying out more efficient measures for enlightening public sentiment, and resisting pro-slavery aggression.—*Philanthropist.*

Communications.

LETTER FROM OLIVER JOHNSON.

NEW LISBON, Columbiana Co., Ohio, October 25, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR FRIEND,—My appointment as an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to visit portions of Ohio and Indiana, for the purpose of promoting, by public lectures, and private intercourse with abolitionists, the great objects for which that Society was formed, was announced in your columns several weeks ago. Often, since I left home, have I thought of communicating to you some of the incidents of my journey; but a variety of circumstances have prevented, until now, the fulfilment of what was doubtless the expectation of the Executive Committee, and certainly my own intention, when I entered upon this responsible service. It would be useless to state, minutely, the reasons for this delay. Suffice it to say, that writing is to me, at all times, a very laborious and irksome task; and particularly so, amidst the hurry and confusion of travelling. Some there are who can use for this purpose the little interstices of time which occur between the rapidly changing incidents and scenes of a journey—who can keep the mind's trip-hammer at work with as much regularity and precision amidst the hum of conversation, or the din of business, as in the stillness of retirement; but I am not one of the fortunate class who possess so valuable a qualification for an anti-slavery agency in this busy, whirling age.—To speak phrenologically, my concentrativeness is small; and hence it requires a degree of effort to control the operations of the mind, which it is exceedingly difficult to make, except under the most favorable circumstances. This will be deemed a sufficient apology for a delay, which, in itself, is of no great importance; and I will proceed to matters of more interest.

I left New-York on the 11th of September, and chose the southern route across the Alleghanies, as the most expeditious. This carried me, for the first time in my life, south of that line which so many appear to consider a "limitation of human responsibility," the line of Mason and Dixon. My sensations on finding myself actually "at the South"—the land

> "Of whips and charters, manacles and rights—
> Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,"—

were somewhat peculiar; but, as they were no more than would be natural to every abolitionist in similar circumstances, I need not describe them. On reaching Baltimore, September 13, at 3 o'clock, P. M. I resolved to gain access, if possible, to two places which had long been associated in my mind with the "peculiar institution." I allude to Slatter's slave-prison, the mart of human bodies and souls, and the cell in the Baltimore jail where Garrison was confined for the crime (!) of being a too zealous and disinterested champion of Liberty, and on the walls of which he inscribed those memorable lines, on the "Freedom of the Mind." I wanted to see whether this and other inscriptions had been permitted to remain uneffaced, as mementos of the unrighteous imprisonment of their philanthropic author, or whether they had long since been blotted out as too fanatical and insurrectionary to suit the "fierce democracy" of the South. The absence from the city of an anti-slavery resident, to whom I had been furnished with a letter of introduction by Edward Needles, of Philadelphia, and who would doubtless have aided me in my object, was to me a matter of no little regret, as I was under the necessity of visiting the objects of my curiosity alone.

My first visit was to the jail, which is situated on the outskirts of the city, a mile or more from the centre. On approaching the massive iron gate which guards the entrance, I asked the keeper if he would permit a stranger to enter without a criminal's mittimus. "Yes," he replied, "if you have relations in jail whom you desire to see." "Is this condition of admission an indispensable one?" I asked. He assured me it was; and with a gruffness of manner, which his occupation seemed well calculated to inspire, told me it would be useless to attempt to gain admittance by applying to any other officer of the prison. I confess this was a sad disappointment to me; and if my stay in the city had not been too short to allow of another effort, I should have put in practice that excellent little maxim, which has often enabled a persevering man to surmount still greater obstacles—"*try again.*" As I stood before the gate through which, only ten or eleven years before, a faithful advocate of the oppressed had passed, to undergo the punishment which has so often been awarded by an ungodly world to those of whom it was not worthy, and called to mind the circumstances attending his incarceration, and then reflected upon the interesting chain of succeeding events with which the historian of our cause will not fail to connect it, I was filled with admiration of the rare courage and the unwavering faith of him who had been counted worthy to suffer persecution for Christ's sake, and with gratitude to God, who had caused that persecution to redound to the discomfiture of the enemies of righteousness and the furtherance of the great cause of human freedom. When I thought of the mighty change which had been wrought in the public mind since that time, I was strongly impressed with a consideration of the mighty power of Truth, and the utter impotency of all human efforts to stay its progress. The lines of Bryant, so full of encouragement to the Reformer, were brought to my mind with a vividness which I cannot describe:

> "*Truth*, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But *Error*, wounded, shrieks in pain,
> And dies amidst her worshippers."

In relation to the other object of my curiosity, I was more fortunate. On going to the slave-prison, and inquiring for the owner, Hope H. Slatter, I learned that he was absent; but a man who represented himself as his brother and partner, and who told me that he resided at New Orleans, and was employed in effecting the sale of the human chattels purchased at the North, readily granted me permission to enter and examine the premises. The prison is situated on one of the most public streets of the city, and in the rear of the dwelling and office of the owner. A simple sign, on which was inscribed the well-known name of the dealer in human flesh, hung over the office door. There was nothing upon it, however, to indicate the horrid business in which he was engaged—a business which, it seems almost incredible to suppose, any man could follow, who had not "rocked conscience asleep," and arrived at a state where,

> "At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
> And joyless Inhumanity pervades
> And petrifies the heart."

And yet I am told that Mr. Slatter is a man of so much natural amiability, in the ordinary intercourse of life, that no one would suspect him of being engaged in an occupation which sunders the holiest ties of our nature, and tramples all inalienable rights in the dust! How such apparent contradictions are to be reconciled, is more than I can tell. Sometimes I am tempted to declare, that the amiability of such men is nothing more than "well-trimmed hypocrisy;" but when I consider the facility with which man, when he has once entered on a criminal course,

> "Puts out
> The eye of Reason—prisons, tortures, binds,
> And makes her thus, by violence and force,
> Give wicked evidence against herself—"

I am half inclined to take back the assertion, and to conclude that they have, by some strange, and, to me, unaccountable process, "conquered a peace" with their consciences. My emotions on entering this mart of "slaves and souls of men," I will not attempt to describe. Here I saw nearly a hundred human beings, of all ages and both sexes, locked up like so many wild beasts, and awaiting purchasers. Many of them flocked around me as I entered, evidently supposing that I had come to look at the assortment, and to make choice of such as I wanted to buy. I at once undeceived them, by telling them that I was an abolitionist; that I abhorred slavery as one of the worst of crimes; and that I had been laboring, to the extent of my ability, for several years, to procure their emancipation. I told them, also, that thousands of people in the northern States had associated together for the purpose of breaking their chains; and begged them to remember, for their consolation under the sore trials they were called to suffer, that although the day of emancipation might not come in their time, some of their children would surely live to see it. I told them that they might rest assured, that those who had undertaken their cause would never turn back, but would persevere until victory crowned their exertions; and I begged of them to convey this information to their companions in tribulation, wherever their lot might be cast. They listened to me with an eagerness which showed how deeply they were interested in what I said; and the hearty "God bless you," which some of them uttered, while tears of gratitude filled their eyes, was more than enough to compensate me for all my labors in their behalf. The pleasure I felt in communicating to them these "glad tidings" was indescribable. Among the group were several mothers, with infants in their arms, who told me, with deep emotion, that they had been sold away from husbands and children, whom they never expected to see again in this world. Among the females were two whose complexion was so nearly white as to attract particular attention. They told me that they were sisters, and *the children of their master!* Some time before they were sold, they ran away from Frederick, and reached Philadelphia in safety. Here they took lodgings with a colored family, and I believe they told me that they did not communicate the fact that they were slaves, for fear of being betrayed. By some means the master found out the place of their retreat, and recovered them by stratagem. A company of white men went to the house with a carriage, one of them pretending that the girls were his sisters, and that he had been sent to convey them home! The ruffians seized them, thrust them into the carriage, and then drove with all speed to Wilmington, I believe, where they were put on board the cars and carried to Baltimore. For the crime of running away, they were sold *by their own father*, for the New-Orleans market! The substance of their story, I understand, has been published in the Pennsylvania Freeman, though I have never read it. Perhaps my account may not be accurate in every particular, as I was interrupted before I had done conversing with them. Their tale was enough to harrow up every soul not absolutely petrified by participation in "crimes of blackest hue."

While I was conversing with these girls, and taking notes of their story, the colored gate-keeper of the establishment became alarmed, and informed the brother of Mr. Slatter, of what I was doing. In consequence of this, the latter came to the gate, and sent for me to come out. Of course I obeyed his orders; and as I passed out he said, in a passion, "D——n you, you've been taking notes; you've abused my confidence; when I let you in, I supposed you to be a gentleman, d——n you." I told him I was not aware that he had any objection to a visitor's taking notes of whatever he found to interest him; and frankly informed him that I had made some memoranda of the story of the two girls from Frederick. He said that such a course was not allowable, and appeared to be quite angry with me. When I ventured to inquire how he could reconcile his conscience to his business, he assured me, as he laid his hand upon his breast, that he was a very conscientious man! that although he was not a professor of religion himself, he had as much respect for Christianity, as any other man, he would be d——d if he hadn't! "Slavery," said he, "is according to Christianity, and justified by the ablest divines in this country, at the North as well as the South. I treat my niggers in the kindest manner. When they arrive at the South, I give them pleasant homes; and every one is furnished with a good bed, and a net to keep off the musquetoes! Why, d——n it, there is not a happier set of laborers on God's earth than the niggers of the South," &c. &c.

I retired with a firmer resolution than ever to wage a war of extermination against the nefarious and bloody system, and with a mind filled with abhorrence on account of such wickedness. If I had needed any thing to impress indelibly upon my mind, a sense of the injustice of slavery, and to make the principles of abolition a part of my nature, the scenes I witnessed in this slave-prison would have been sufficient.

When I began to write, I expected to compress the narrative of my journey, up to the present time, into the limits of a single letter; but I find it will be impossible to do so without making my communication tedious.—You shall hear from me again speedily. Meanwhile, I remain,

Your fellow-laborer,
OLIVER JOHNSON.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XLII.

A colored woman and three of her children, (two sons and a daughter,) were slaves to Joshua Purnell, of Dorchester county, Maryland, and about the year eighteen hundred and six, left his service, and went to Philadelphia. The mother was near forty years old, and all the children were between the ages of twelve and eighteen. They had resided in Philadelphia about a year, when Purnell was informed where they lived, which was in the Northern Liberties. He went to that city, and after procuring the requisite authority, had them all arrested and committed to prison as his slaves. They had but recently left him, and when taken, readily confessed that they were his slaves. The magistrate before whom they were taken, Frederic Wolbert, told me he very much regretted that he was under the necessity of sending them to prison, but as they acknowledged they were the slaves of Purnell, and had run away, he could not avoid doing so.

They had not been in jail but a few minutes, before I called to see them. When I arrived at the prison, I found the man who claimed them, on the steps, about going away. From his appearance, I concluded he was their owner, and upon making inquiry of him, he told me he was. I invited him to walk in, as I would like to have some conversation with him—he complied with my request, went in, and took a seat in the office. I asked him to excuse me for a few minutes, that I had a little business but would soon return.

I then went to see the woman, and found her in great distress—she implored my assistance—said she had confessed that she was the slave of Purnell, because she saw several persons with him, by whom he could prove his ownership, and she feared her punishment would be severe if she denied it. Her agonized countenance is as vivid in my memory at this remote period as if the circumstance had occurred yesterday. She stood before me wiping the tears from her face with her apron, exclaiming, "my children, oh! my children. I can suffer myself, but can't bear the thought that my children must go again into slavery." My very soul was moved with sympathy, and after telling her I would do what I could, left her, saying I would call again.

I returned to the office, where I found Purnell waiting for me. I told him, as he was a stranger, I should like him to go home with me and take tea: after some hesitation, he consented to do so. A few minutes after we had taken tea, he proposed returning to his lodgings, I informed him that I wished to have some conversation with him in relation to the colored people whom we had just left in confinement; and I exerted all the power I could command, to work upon his feelings, and excite his sympathy. For a considerable time he appeared inexorable.—I proposed that he should manumit the mother and place the children with some persons who would pay him a reasonable price for their services, for a term of years.—He was not the worst of men, though he was hard enough. I kept him in conversation till near eleven o'clock, when he proposed calling upon me again in the morning. However, I prevailed upon him to consent to my proposition, and I committed it to writing, and after much entreaty, prevailed upon him to put his name to it.

Among the reasons he urged against complying with my proposition, were, that it would be rewarding the slaves for running away, and that it would offend his family and his neighbors, who, would severely censure him. In the morning he called upon me again, and we agreed upon the sum he should receive, and I set out to look for situations for the children. After much exertion, in which I was assisted by my old, indefatigable friend, Thomas Harrison, places were procured. Edmund Hollingshead, a very respectable farmer, who lived near Moorestown, New-Jersey, agreed to take the oldest boy, and paid, I think, one hundred and fifty dollars for his services till he should be twenty-five years old. E. H. was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, and covenanted to give the lad a reasonable portion of schooling and the customary freedom dues. The contract was faithfully fulfilled by both the parties, and, I was informed, that they were mutually satisfied with each other. I have forgotten what became of the other two children, but I recollect at the time, it was believed they were equally well disposed of.

The next morning after I had concluded the contract with Purnell, I rose early, went to the prison, and informed the captives of what I had done, which was a great relief to them.

After the business was all settled and Purnell counted the cost—what he had paid for taking them up, and other expenses, he said he had but little left.

A few years after these circumstances occurred, Purnell died, when it appeared that he had not acquainted his family with what he had done; and his executors ascertaining where the woman could be found, one of them had her arrested, as belonging to the estate. At the time she was arrested, she lived in the neighborhood of Darby, about seven miles from Philadelphia. She alledged that she was free, and referred to me as having been a witness to the manumission; and some respectable persons in the neighborhood, appeared on her behalf and insisted upon her being taken to Philadelphia, that the case might be investigated; and thither they went. It was on the fourth day of the week, and I was at meeting. A person came there and called me out. I immediately went to William Moulders, in the Northern Liberties—he was a magistrate, and there I found the woman, and the person at whose instance she had been apprehended. I related the circumstances of her manumission, and stated that the document was on file among the papers of the Abolition Society, and proposed going for it; but the magistrate said it was unnecessary—that he was fully satisfied. She was again set at liberty, and never after molested.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1841.

ELIAS HICKS AND SLAVERY.

(Continued.)

The mental eye of Elias Hicks penetrated at a glance, the fogs and clouds that are wont to embarrass human judgment. His perception of things was *direct*. He was not to be deceived by factitious and plausible reasonings. Prejudice, interest, and passion, too often clothe realities in deceptive garb; but his simple mind stripped off all disguise, and his hearers could not fail to see, though they might hesitate to acknowledge, the truth and force of his presentments.

The part which he acted in bringing about the emancipation of slaves who were held by members of his own religious Society, on Long Island, furnishes a happy illustration of his active benevolence. By argument and persuasion, he induced many individuals to anticipate the operation of the law, abolishing slavery in the State.—What they considered as a *boon* to the slaves, he viewed as their *right*—as a long-deferred act of simple justice. But he was not satisfied with anything short of a full restitution of rights to the oppressed. Great was the surprise of their quondam masters, when he calculated the amount of wages due to the emancipated, and approached them with ☞ "Thou owest Ben, so much." "What?" they replied, "give a man his liberty, and pay him, too?" Such ultraism was opposed to all reason! But such was the ultraism of Elias Hicks.

The fact here mentioned—that some of the members of the Society of Friends were slaveholders—has frequently been cited in our hearing, to show that it is not always a *sin* to hold our fellow-men as slaves! It is presumed that they were consistent Quakers, and could not have been guilty of such an atrocity as slaveholding is affirmed to be, by modern abolitionists—that it was *allowable* for them to hold slaves, and what was allowable then, may be tolerated now. We have only one mode of reasoning to apply to the case: if slavery was not a violation of justice in that day, neither is it now, for principles are unchangeable. Who will say that it is just, for a man to hold his brother as a slave, *now?* Who will affirm that it is not a flagrant violation of the laws of God? Well, it was equally so then—no sophistry can elude the application. Our friend, Griffith M. Cooper, an "apostle to the Indians," while recently in this city, was asked if he did not consider it justifiable, under the circumstances, for Friends to hold slaves, when they did. He replied, "Yes; if, in so doing, they did unto others, as they would have others do to them."

We do not believe that any man can, or ever did, hold slaves, without violating the laws of God. That he did, or does now, is to say, that he was, or is, guilty of a great sin. We do not affirm that there are no *palliative*, but that there are no *justifying* circumstances—none, under which essential slaveholding ceases to be sinful. In regard to the Quaker slaveholders of the last century, we can conceive of no palliative circumstances in their day, so strong as, doubtless, exist at the present, with many individuals at the South. It may be said for both, and for men in all past ages, that the human mind, in the mass, has not yet acquired the power of comprehending at once, nor until after long experience, the entire *compass* of any moral principle. Even in the most favored conditions, as respects civilization and culture, we remark its grasp to be limited, yet always capable of enlargement. Thus, those Friends who were persuaded by Elias Hicks to liberate their slaves, could see that it was consistent with justice to do so, but they declared the claim for wages to be *unjust*; at the same time, had it been possible for them to change places with their unpaid laborers, without doubt, they would have considered it valid, and reasonable. While the mass of mind continues to grope in moral darkness, men arise, who, by virtue of their capacity as recipients of the Divine light, are gifted with extraordinary clearness and power, which qualifies them to be teachers among the people. They stand, as it were, on a high moral eminence, and their compass of vision is proportionably enlarged, and unobstructed by the inferior passions of our nature. There have been such in all ages, and there are such now, although the equalizing power of advancing light and knowledge renders them less necessary than in former times. Elias Hicks was eminently of this class.

We turn our attention to a point on which his authority is cited, as conflicting with the American Anti-Slavery Society, viz: the conditions on which men may properly engage in moral reform. The American Society is based on established principles of truth and justice. It appeals to the natural understanding, and conscience of mankind. But it is affirmed that the only competent authority for associated reform action, is, Divine Revelation. We are aware that the nature and weight of this argument may not be apparent, except to such as are either members of the Society of Friends, or acquainted with its peculiar tenets; but it is for them chiefly, that we have entered on this inquiry, and we must, therefore, ask some indulgence. Many of their members refuse to co-operate with the anti-slavery movement on this ground, asserting it to be a product of the mere natural will of man, unenlightened by Divine Wisdom. They place *reason* and *revelation*, in contrast—not in coincidence with each other; and even go so far as to pronounce all the reformatory associations of the day to be directly adverse to the will of Deity, because they are not the product of immediate Divine revelation. The following extracts are unequivocal on this point:

"Did we enter into a close investigation of the one great principle of action—justice; we should see how far we are in the performance of our duty to our fellow-creatures."

"When our own understanding testifies to us that we are wrong, that we are unjust and unrighteous, shall we then wait for revelation? Why, it would be casting an indignity upon Him, who gives us these lesser means, to convince us with the clearest demonstration. Our own common sense is a sufficient evidence, and we need not look any higher."

"Whenever we come to the knowledge of a truth, no matter by what means, it is time then for us to attend to it, and to leave off our injustice, if we are guilty of any. It is enough that we are convinced, even if it were by an inanimate thing; or if we are brought to see, as Balaam was, by means of an ass. We have no right to look any higher, when we are convinced that anything is the truth, and nothing but the truth. * * Could we know it better, if we should ascend into Heaven? No. Not anything in Heaven can make it plainer than it is. All revelation, and all that is rational, can prove no more; for our common sense proves indubitably that slavery is the most cruel and most wicked of all things. We have the most self-evident proof; and in the great day of account, we care not make the plea, and say, the Bible did not reveal it to me. The question will be, didst thou not see it by the light of reason, that was communicated to thee? Did not the common understanding convince thee? And still thou wouldst not believe?"

"If we know slavery to be unjust, will we still wait for the Lord to tell us so? He will never do it; for he has already done it, by the means appointed for that purpose."

"Right reason is as much a gift of God, as any gift that we can receive. * * If any thing will not accord with right reason, we must cast it off as antichrist.—pp. 175, 179, 180, 181, 207.

We conceive it to be established by these various extracts, that there is a remarkable coincidence of opinion between Elias Hicks, and the "modern abolitionists."—They embrace the whole ground of the American Anti-Slavery Society—affirming slavery to be sinful in its nature—that it ought to be *immediately* abolished, and that the conviction of the natural understanding and conscience is a clear warrant for combined exertion to overthrow it.

We have made this examination with a view to correct erroneous opinions which prevail on the subject, to some extent, in the Society of Friends. If it be yet denied that we have proved anything, we may reply—it is immaterial; the doctrines of human liberty are not dependent for support, on the authority of man. They are unchangeable in their nature, and would be what they are, if Elias Hicks had never lived. We have sufficient light in our own day to determine if they are true or false. The Creator has given that power to every human soul, and it can be rendered inefficient, only through abuse and wanton neglect on our own part.

There is a perpetual proneness in people to seek out authorities among old and musty records. We are not disposed to undervalue the experience of wise and good men, who have preceded us. It affords additional strength of purpose in good works, to know that the righteous in all ages have sealed a common testimony in their behalf. But we would fain persuade every man to *know for himself*, concerning these matters. Conformity with the precepts of other men and times, unattended by intelligent conviction of mind, is but mere mimicry. It is unworthy of rational beings. A *parrot* may be taught as much. Perhaps nothing has more contributed to degrade the moral sense of our age, than a blind reliance on the authorities of the past. The past *establishes* nothing, in principles—it may confirm to us, what God established in the beginning; but it can do no more.—High time is it for men to shake loose from traditionary bonds. If they fail to do it, what a destiny is in reserve for the future! A sorry staff indeed will the next generation have to lean upon, if, like the present, they forget their manhood, and look back to the ministers, and the elders, and the synods, and the conferences of their forefathers!—G.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR!

This Fair, so justly celebrated in anti-slavery annals, will again be held in Boston, during Christmas-week.—The time draws nigh. We would affectionately invite our friends in all parts of the country to aid, by gift or purchase. As there will not probably be another Fair in New-York for some time, any individual who wishes to help our good cause in this way, will do well to contribute to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair; and they may do this with a free spirit; knowing, as they well do, that funds raised in Massachusetts are always liberally bestowed on the American Society. Those who wish to purchase, will perhaps never have a more brilliant variety to choose from; for, without exaggeration, it is believed the coming Fair will eclipse all the past. Maria W. Chapman, in her gracefully spontive way, writes thus:—"Call upon Leominster, and all the minsters; upon Fitchburg, and all the burgs; upon Millville, and all the villes; upon Hingham, and all the hams; upon Charlestown, and all the towns—tell them their eyes never beheld what, on Christmas-week, they will be called to lift their lids upon. Hearken only to a list of places whence are to flow objects of ingenuity, beauty, and art. St. Petersburg, Paris, Geneva, Rome, London, Glasgow, all Ireland, and last, not least, the lovely city of the Cape, and the inland Haitien city of Santiago, are all contributors!"—L. M. C.

AGENTS.

A letter from Oliver Johnson, dated November 2d, informs us that he had recently lectured in Salem, Ohio; and also at Rome, Ashtabula Co. He is now approaching the interior of New-York, through the western counties.

Richard Hood has recently labored in the interior as financial agent of the American Society, with fair success. He was accompanied through part of his tour by Jacob Ferris, who lectured as occasion offered, and generally to good audiences. He furnishes us with some memoranda, of which we make the following abridgment.

Western New-York presents at this moment, a promising field for anti-slavery exertion. The public mind is in a state to hear, and be profited. The coming winter would be a favorable season for action. "Richard Hood and myself have just returned from that part of the State—we found it to be 'ripe for the sickle.' Our first meeting after leaving Farmington, was held in the Presbyterian meeting-house, Churchville. There was no difficulty in obtaining the use of the house. The minister was kind and attentive, and gave notice of our lecture, at the close of afternoon service. The methodists refused to give notice. We had a considerable audience, and the impression appeared to be favorable.

Our next meeting was at Bergen. A strong resolution was introduced, and room allowed for objections; but there was no dissent. Mr. Snyder, the minister, related a circumstance so horrible, that I cannot divest my mind of it. It is in substance, as follows: Mr. Stimson, Baptist minister at Warsaw, said that one of his communicants, being in poor health, went to Georgia, accompani

ed by his brother, with the hope of improving by change of climate. While there, they attended Davis's church. One of the deacons owned a woman, who had twin children. He suffered her to nurse and cherish them, until they were about three months old, fat, and in fine condition, and then sold them for Three dollars a pound!—The women of the congregation stood up in a body, to have the deacon expelled; but Elder Davis arose in his pulpit, and with his hands upon the Bible, declared that his deacon had done right!!

From Bergen, we went to Hamburgh—both Orthodox and Hicksite Friends refused to open their meeting-houses for the cause of the slave. Proceeded to Collins, and obtained the use of the Friend's meeting-house in that place. We introduced and supported the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the duty of every one to take an open and active stand against American Slavery, and its supporters, and all who do not, if enlightened on the subject, ought neither to be regarded as Christians, nor as possessing common humanity.

When we had done speaking, an individual arose in the opposition, and said that he did not like to be called *inhuman*. He spoke some time, and was answered by some of our warm anti-slavery friends of the place.—The debate was continued till dark, and we adjourned to meet at the Presbyterian house, on the next evening.—Had a full audience there, and discussed the same resolution, without opposition, and the man who combatted us the previous evening, came forward and subscribed for the Standard."

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 2d.

I have not forgotten my promise to write to you through the columns of the Standard; and I find that the paper itself has become to me as a favorite child, from which I am not well content to be absent, though I know it has passed the three perils of infancy, and is left in the best of care. Excess of occupation has alone prevented me from writing sooner. Like Desdemona of old, "still the house-affairs do call me hence." The New Organizationists may comfort themselves that I am *sometimes* in my "appropriate sphere;" and you and the subscribers of the Standard may rejoice as much as you choose.

Our journey, at this dreary season, through rocky and rugged New-England, afforded little that was outwardly interesting.

"There high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome."

Connecticut, though called "the land of steady habits" does not carry such a character on its face; at least, in the towns through which we passed, I saw more red eyes and wavering steps, than I have seen out of cities for a long while. Perhaps my vision was slightly obscured by partiality for my native State; but I was struck with the improved appearance of things as soon as we entered Massachusetts. Houses and barns were more neat, farms under more careful cultivation, roads in finer order, and guide-boards more frequent and in better repair. If there be philanthropists in Connecticut, anxious to do the State some service, I would advise them to set up a guide-board at every meeting of the roads, for five miles around them. One such sentinel at his post is worth ten militia men; and one arrow pointing the traveller's way is of more value than a magazine of muskets. I speak feelingly; for we had to inquire our path every hour in the day.

Partiality apart, Massachusetts *is* a queen among the States. She established the first college, and the first printing-press; she first prohibited the slave-trade, and very early in her history, slaves brought into her territory were ordered to be shipped back to Africa; she first resisted "taxation without representation;" (except for women) she first abolished slavery; she constructed the first canal, and the first rail-road; if I mistake not, she formed the first Temperance Society; here the Liberator was first published, and the first Anti-Slavery Society formed; and to her belongs the high renown of the first mob of exclusives, composed entirely of *gentlemen* in fine broad-cloth.

But to return to our journey. Late as was the season, the scenery was by no means unattractive; for Nature never repeats herself, never imitates, and therefore always wears fresh charms to the eyes of those who love her—forever the same, yet forever new. In her spontaneous, infinitely-producing freedom, she speaks a lesson to the intellect of man, if he would but listen to it.

Even the dried corn-fields, with here and there a long, withered leaf, fluttering like a pennon in the gale, had something of wild and solemn beauty. The empty stalks stood like memories in the lone stubble-field of the Past, where once had been the green budding of hopes, and the rich harvest of fruition. Then the woods still glowed with rich, autumnal coloring. The foliage was of every shape, shade, and hue; from the most light and flexile forms playing bo-peep with the sunshine, to the most dense and sombre masses, frowning, like clergymen of the olden time, upon the sportiveness around them.—Nature is a glorious painter! She strikes out proportions with a bolder hand than Michel Angelo, and colors with a more earnest warmth than Titian. Soon she will prove her skill in the most unimpassioned and sublime of all the Arts—the pure, grand type of Intellect without coloring from the affections; she will turn sculptor soon, and give us Form only, on the clear blue ground-work of the wintry sky.

How the religious sentiment of an Age stamps itself on all things, general and particular! How in the minutest details the outward takes form from the inward!—How government, social usages, the arts, and even dress, take their fashion therefrom!

With the old Greeks, physical beauty blossomed in its fullest perfection; the skill of man can develop *that* idea no further. It was the graceful ultimate of their ideas of God and the Human Soul. Their faith, and therefore their architecture, was supported, by pillars visibly resting on the earth. The Gothic, springing upward in vaulted arches, as if self-sustaining, is the proper type of Aspiration born of Christian hope; nor is it without significance that its clustering columns are composed of Three. To the mere theologian, this is a lifeless fact, as all things are—he being himself an empty, wave-worn shell decaying on the beach of Time; but to the spiritual philosopher, great is the tri-une mystery that pervades the universe.

Imagination cannot conceive of mere physical beauty more perfect than the Venus of ancient Art, the Mother of laughing Love; but turn from it to the *holy* beauty of the Madonna, with meek brow, lips alive with sweet emotion, eyes so full of spiritual expression, the deep, deep *prophecy* of unuttered hopes—and there see the fairest type of the Christian Idea, the Mother of the Messiah.

I know not how I wandered here, from the leafless trees on the wintry hill-sides; but in good truth, I never can pen a letter without making myself liable to the Vagrant Act. A witty Englishman once said to me, "Madam, your countrymen dance as if they did it by act of the Legislature." My pen has no such gift. It paces or whirls, bounds or waltzes, steps in the slow minuet, or capers in the fantastic fandango, according to the music within. I beg you to have such patience with me as an orderly Quaker mind will permit. With the *light* within you are well acquainted; believe me, there is likewise *music* within, for those who have "anointed ears."

During my first stay in Northampton, not all the beauty of its scenery could reconcile me to the absence of the sea. My soul was home-sick for that great type of power and freedom; its ever-recurring tides chained by the law of Necessity, its mighty and restless waves fighting with the strength and energy of Free Will. The fierce old conflict that keeps our nature forever striving and forever bound. God help us! ever one hand winged, and the other chained!

By degrees I have learned to love the mountains, though not as I love the sea; and I greeted them as I would the face of a wise and loving friend. As you enter Massachusetts from the west, they rise up all round the horizon, in an undulating line, which betrays that they were left there by retreating waves. At every turn of the road they tower before you veiled in the blue mist of distance. Look which way you will, you "cannot get shut of them," as New-Yorkers say. In this respect they have often reminded me of remarkably clear visions of inward light, guiding me in my spiritual pilgrimage, through perilous seasons of doubt and conflict; so high above my own unaided intellectual perceptions, that they served not merely as a farthing candle for the present moment, but remain like brilliant beacon-lights over the wide waters of the future. This thought suggested the following lines:

How the blue hill-tops kiss the skies!
Far as the eye can see,
Rich wooded undulations rise,
And mountains look on me.

Under the broad sun's mellow light,
Gilding each shrub and tree,
How calmly, beautifully bright,
The mountains look on me.

Rising above the vapory cloud,
In outline boldly free,
Serene when storms are shrieking loud,
The mountains look on me.

Their sinuous, wave-like form seems cast
From a subsiding sea;
Of quiet, after tempests past
The mountains speak to me.

Thus they of states sublimely high
A type must surely be;
Of close communion with the sky
The mountains speak to me.

And in the scenery of my mind,
Rising from memory's sea,
Such holy states stand well-defined,
And ever look on me.

Upon such heights, in deep repose
I've watched with bended knee;
Transfigured forms around me rose,
And still they look on me.

Those memories serenely high,
My soul can never flee;
Therefore of converse with the sky
The mountains speak to me.—L. M. C.

DECISION IN CHARLES MARRIOTT'S CASE.

The New-York Monthly meeting has disowned Charles Marriott, on the same charge that was brought against Isaac T. Hopper and James S. Gibbons; viz: "That he is concerned in the publication and support of a paper, (the National A. S. Standard,) which has a tendency to excite disunity and discord amongst us," (the Society of Friends.)

☞ The publisher of the Herald of Freedom, Concord, N. H. will please send that paper, one year, to James Boyle, Rome, Ashtabula county, Ohio, and draw on H. W. Williams, Boston, for $1 50.

Anti-Slavery Items.

NEGROES IN CANADA.—The Montreal Courier says that the number of slaves from the United States, who have escaped into Canada, is about twenty thousand. Efforts are being made to induce them to emigrate to Jamaica. Our neighbors are getting very timid of the free negroes, and we presume they will cease holding out inducements for this class of emigrants.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

While the free negroes of Canada are so ready to defend the soil whereon they find a refuge from slavery, as they proved themselves to be, when a border war was anticipated, no obstacles will be laid in the way by the Canadians, to prevent the emigration of twenty thousand a year. In times of peace, too, these self-freed men are orderly, industrious, and good subjects of Queen Victoria.—*Standard.*

SLAVERS AT ST. HELENA.—The ship Howard, at Boston, from Calcutta, via St. Helena, reports the arrival at the latter place of the brig Gabriel, a slaver, which had been captured when 15 days from Havana, by H. M. brig of war Acorn. She had a crew of 65 Spaniards, and exchanged several shots with the Acorn. She had a cargo of bale goods, lumber and rice. In one of the bags of rice were found papers which gave information that 23 slave vessels were fitting out from Havana. The Gabriel's crew were put on board the Acorn, which sailed for the coast of Africa, to land them on a desolate and uninhabited part of the coast.

Seven other slavers previously captured, were breaking up at St. Helena.

No less than 1600 slaves, taken from captured slave ships, were at St. Helena when the Howard left.

WESTERN METHODIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—This convention opened its sessions in Dr. Brisbane's church, Cincinnati, October 20th. The Philanthropist of the 27th contains the proceedings in full. Among the resolutions adopted, is the following:

Resolved, That we deem it manifestly improper for our friends to leave the church of their choice, in consequence of opposition from their pro-slavery brethren."

There were reports of Committees on *Periodicals*, the distribution of *Bibles, Literary Institutions, Missions, &c.* treating of their bearing on the anti-slavery cause. The convention was well attended, and adjourned on the 22d.

IN NATCHEZ, recently, the Lynch committee has forbidden the colored people to attend the Baptist meeting, which was held in the Court House; and finally, when they manifested some sensitiveness, turned the Baptists out also. The minister then published a very humble letter, assuring the "public" that he and his people did not desire the attendance of any slave who had not written permission from his master! And assuring the lynchers of their fidelity to southern institutions. Religion, now-a-days, don't believe much in martyrdoms, except in Borneo, the Tonga Islands, and other *heathenish* parts. In these United States religion and *expediency*, alas, and slavery too, seem to be quite good friends!—*Free American.*

SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.—It appears that several hundreds of slaves are still held, in this State, by the descendants of old French settlers and others, under the legal fiction of "indentured servants." In Kaskaskia, recently, Mr. Whitehead, a lawyer from St. Louis, was mobbed, for pleading the case of one of them, who was illegally held in bondage, after the expiry of the indenture. The mobites were arrested, but mobbed him a second time, in presence of the judge, BREEZE, who, it appears, is himself a slaveholder, by marriage! "What have we to do with slavery?"—*Ib.*

DEFEAT OF AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.—We have rarely known a more amusing instance of the development of intelligence, than that by which Captain Goldsmith, of the schooner Herald, which arrived at this port yesterday, obtained the information which we give below. Capt. Goldsmith is from Princess Island, coast of Africa, whence he sailed on the 5th of September. The British sloop-of-war Iris, Capt. Tucker, touched about Sept. 1, for water, and sailed again on a cruise. A short time before, the sloop-of-war had had an action, in the Bight of Benin, with a large slaver, and was beaten off, having several men killed and wounded, among the latter Capt. Tucker. He and his crew, however, were so much mortified at their failure, that although immediately after they were in port with the Herald, no information respecting it transpired. A few days after, however, the Portuguese Governor of a small post in the island applied to the American Captain for aid in reading a letter which he had received from the English commander, which proved to be an account of the action. The Governor had not been able to understand the letter, which had probably been written to give him official intelligence of the proximity of such a powerful force. It will be recollected that a slaver carried into St. Helena not long since, had exchanged several shots with the British man-of-war which captured her.—*Boston Adv.*

LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.—This body was organized by the election of Gen. Robert M. Schols, of Walton, as President of the Senate, and Gen. W. B. Wofford, of Haversham, as Speaker of the House.

The Message of Gov. McDonald, delivered on the 2d inst., states that, in the month of April last, a slave was stolen by a person who escaped to the State of New-York, and that the proper papers were prepared and authenticated, and a demand made upon Gov. Seward for the arrest and delivery of the fugitive. Gov. Seward has declined to comply with the demand until he has received proof of the facts and circumstances. "This proof although entirely convenient," states the Message, "I declined procuring, as I was fully satisfied that I had complied with the letter and spirit of the Constitution and Act of Congress." Consequently it recommends to the Legislature to pass a law subjecting to inspection any package of goods that shall be shipped, either directly or indirectly, from the State of New-York, or any other State manifesting a similar disposition; and that competent officers be appointed to execute the same; and that all suspected persons coming from such States be required to find security for their good behavior, and particularly that they will not interfere, or have intercourse with the slave population.

ZION'S WESLEYAN.—This is the title of a new paper, in size larger than our own, the first number of which has come to hand, to be published as the organ of the Zion connection of Methodists, if a competent number of subscribers shall be obtained to warrant its publication, under the direction of a committee, consisting of brethren Beman, Richardson, and Blount. It is to be a religious paper, of course, yet to defend all questions of moral reform. The present number contains the address of the committee, and many well selected articles upon various subjects. Once, when we had not a single paper, we were set down as a stupid race; now that we have half a dozen, what will be said, unless that we have more than we can sustain? Success to those brethren. Place of publication, New-York city. Price $2 in advance. Address Rev. J. D. Richardson, General Book Steward.—*Colored American.*

TOCSIN OF LIBERTY.—This is the title of a new paper published at Albany, to support the "Liberty Party." Its continuance is dependent on the amount of patronage received. Price 50 cents per quarter.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged		$796 00
797	Isaac Coates, Riblets, Ohio,	1 00
798	Dr. Robinson, Farmington, N. Y.	1 00
699	Joseph T. Hathaway, " "	1 00
790	Ezek Wilbur, " "	1 00
801	Gideon Ramsdale, Parrington, "	1 00
802	Charles Burr, " "	1 00
803	E. H. Dickinson, " "	1 00
804	John Ayrauth, " "	1 00
805	R. K. Potter, " "	1 00
806	Thomas Shotwell, Galen, Wayne Co. N. Y.	1 00
807	Stephen Watson, " " "	1 00
808	Horace S. Simmons, Walworth Corner, N. Y.	1 00
809	N. D. Young, Marion, Wayne Co. "	1 00
810	Isaac Post, Rochester, "	1 00
811	Mary M. Post, " "	1 00
812	Mary Post, " "	1 00
813	Lewis Burtis, " "	1 00
814	Dr. W. Reid, " "	1 00
815	S. L. Hallowell, " "	1 00
816	L. Pratt, Leroy, "	1 00
817	S. Robbins, Lockport, "	1 00
818	Rebecca M. Cooper, Williamson, "	1 00
819	James Cooper, " "	1 00
820	Stephen Reeves, " "	1 00
821	Betsey Hoxsy,	1 00
822	Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, "	1 00
823	Daniel Eldridge, " "	1 00
824	Catharine Eldridge, " "	1 00
825	Anne Paul, Albany, "	1 00
826	Thomas Brannagan, Philadelphia,	1 00
827	S. H. Brown, Sudbury, Mass.	1 00
828	Job Monroe, Canterbury, Ct.	1 00
829	Phebe Monroe, " "	1 00
830	Mary Monroe, " "	1 00
831	Edwin Monroe, " "	1 00
832	A. C. Monroe, " "	1 00
833	J. Monroe, " "	1 00
834	Thomas Davis, Providence, Rhode-Island,	1 00
835	Isaac Hall, " "	1 00
836	S. K. Rathbone, " "	1 00
837	A. H. Angell, " "	1 00
838	Daniel P. Dyer, Cranston, "	1 00
839	Rev. Martin Cheney, Aineyville, "	1 00
840	Asa Fairbanks, Providence, "	1 00

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 11th mo. (Nov.) 9th.

For the Standard.—The following persons have each paid two dollars.—Caroline Orvis, Vergennes, Vt.; Samuel Barstow, Killingly, Ct.; A. Hammond, Jacobsbury, Belmont Co. Ohio; Grace A. Lewis, Kimberton, Chester Co. Pa.; Rebecca T. Trimble, Pughtown Chester Co. Pa.; John Booth, Farmington, Ontario Co. N. Y.; H. Wilbur, jr. Farmington, Ontario Co. N. Y.; E. Bennet, Farmington, Ontario Co. N. Y.; James Minard, Egypt, Monroe Co. N. Y.; H. Gifford, Bergen, Genesee Co. N. Y.; C. Moore, Bergen, Genesee Co. N. Y.; Daniel Cole, Castile, Genesee Co. N. Y.; Haight T. Pickett, Macedon, Wayne Co. N. Y.; Sigismon Havens, Egypt, Monroe Co. N. Y.; John Akers, Victor, Ontario Co. N. Y.; Hudson & Humphrey, Winstead, Ct.; Seth Hunt, Deerfield, Mass.; William Steele, Plymouth, Wayne Co. Michigan; George Barrett, Delaware, Delaware Co. Ohio; Asa Mosher, Mount Gilead, Marion Co. Ohio; Isaac Coates, Riblets, Ohio; Benjamin Hanna, New Lisbon, Ohio; S. Robbins, Lockport, N. Y.; Humphrey S. Lapham, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; Amos Cole, Egypt, N. Y.; Elisha Carpenter, New-York city; Albert Hervey, West Bocford, Mass.; Jeremiah Browning, Hudson, N. Y.; James Boyle, Rome, Ashtabula Co. Ohio; William Fry, Plainfield, Ct.; Charles Hinckley, Plainfield, Ct.; Job Monroe, Canterbury, Ct.; Asher Herrick, Plainfield, Ct; William Humes, Plainfield, Ct.; Rufus Pellet, Canterbury, Ct.; N. B. Shepherd, Canterbury, Ct.; S. Bradford, Canterbury, Ct.

B. F. Haskell, Cornwall, Ct. $1; Milo & Petibone, Delaware, Delaware Co. Ohio, $4; Lucinda Smith, Farmington, 75 cts.; Willis Hill, Macedon Locks, Wayne Co. N. Y. $1; Caleb Vandusen, Macedon Centre, N. Y. $1; Daniel T. Burton, Macedon Centre, $1; Reuben Palmer, Norwich, Ct. $2 50. The following persons, Newport, R. I. paid $1 43 each; Silas Sisson, Perry Brown, Lavinia Ross, Mary Ann Green, Elizabeth N. Wheeden, Hannah M. Miles—Jeremiah Briggs $1 42. The following persons of New Lyme, Ashtabula Co. Ohio, paid $1 50 each, John F. Lattimore, E. B. Miller, Henry Putnam, William S. Deming, V. B. Way, Rumsey Reeves, H. Reeves, Elijah Brown, Lyman Peck, E. C. Beckwith, Abel Woodworth, and E. Rathbone—Welcome A. Congdon, W. Thompson, Ct. paid $1; William Clark, W. Thompson, Ct. $1; George Spaulding, Pomfret, Ct. $1; Benjamin Congdon, Pomfret, Ct. $1; Willet Hubbard, Pomfret, Ct. $1. The following persons of Abington, Ct. paid $1 42 each: Dewey & Dresser, Davis & Lord, R. D. Sharp, George Sharp, Dennis & Goodell, Wyllis & Goodell, Osgood & Peck, S. E. Williams, T. Baxter. The following persons, of W. Woodstock, paid $1 42 each: Crowd & Macy, B. Work, C. W. Payne, A. Hiscox—A. Barlow, Pawtucket, R. I. $1 42; Mrs. S. Dresser, Abington, Ct. $2 25; Oliver Leonard, Taunton, Mass. $1 43; Joshua Perry, Hanson, Mass. for sundry subscribers $10; Charles Thompson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. $3.—$154 81.

Donations.—Milo D. Pettibone, Delaware, Delaware Co. Ohio, $5; Julius R. Ames, Albany, $10; —— Judson, Parrington, N. Y. 50 cents; Betsey Hoxsey, 50 cts; Friends in Abington, Mass. $4.—$20.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, Treasurer.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Nineteen Days Later from Europe.—The Great Western, Capt. Hosken, came into the East River between 12 and 1 o'clock last night. She left Bristol Oct. 23d.

She has 127 passengers. Our late minister at the Court of St. James, Mr. Stevenson, and family, are of the number.

An insurrection had broken out in Spain, which attracted some attention.

Bread stuffs had declined in price.

No further news of importance.

General Items.

The Salem Tunnel.—There is seldom seen on any of the many excellent railroads with which this country is favored, a more interesting section than that which passes through or under the city of Salem, in Massachusetts. This tunnel extends about 700 feet, passing under, and parallel to the centre of Court-street, which is one of the broadest and handsomest streets in the city. The tunnel is ventilated and lighted by three conical appertures—which appear in the middle of the street, and six or eight rods apart—each of which is surrounded by an elegant iron fence, of which four of the posts extend about ten feet high, and bending inward, unite in the support of a large street lamp and lantern. These conical fabrics of ornamental iron-work, serve as ornaments to the street, while they protect these vertical windows of the railroad. A traveller whose motive is curiosity, will seldom behold a more interesting sight than that of the subterranean passage of a train of long, splendid cars, as seen by him while standing in the middle of a popular street, leaning on the railing, and looking down into one of these well-finished shafts, as one looks into a common well. In a stranger, who should not be acquainted with the circumstances, the phenomenon, followed as it usually is by the ascent of a volume of smoke, would be very likely to produce a considerable degree of astonishment if not consternation.—*N. Y. Mechanic.*

Another Bank Shut.—The Washington Bank of this city (one of the Free Banks) has been closed by an injunction from the Chancellor. Its circulation is small. In March last, it was $14,025; to redeem which, there were pledged with the Comptroller, New-York State Fives to the amount of $7,000, and bonds and mortgages to the amount of $10,000. It has never enjoyed a large share of the public confidence.

Loss of the Steamboat Bunker Hill.—The steamboat Bunker Hill, Capt. Huntington, belonging to the Connecticut River Steamboat Company, on her passage from New-York to Hartford, ran ashore about 10 o'clock Sunday, in the fog, on the Cornfield Point, about two miles from the Connecticut river. The passengers and freight were landed in safety. It is thought that the machinery will be saved; if so, the loss will be about $20,000. No insurance.

The Hartford Times says, "The fog at the time was very heavy, and the boat under full headway, feeling the channel by means of the lead. She struck heavily upon the rocks, and the latest account from her states that she had bilged. A gentleman, who was a passenger, and from whom our information is derived, states that one of her guards was under water at the time he left her. The passengers were landed at Saybrook Point. The boat, it is said, will probably be lost. The freight will doubtless be mostly saved, though perhaps some of it in a damaged state."

Singular Suicide.—A young man named Luther Harris, aged about 21, committed suicide at Marlborough, N. H. week before last, having first *written a notice of his death*, which he forwarded to the Keene Sentinel. It is as follows:

"*Melancholy.*—Died, in Marlborough, Oct. 1st, Luther Harris. He took his own life. He was teacher of the select school in Marlborough when he died, and gave no reason which no one else has thought of. His body was carried to his friends in Windham. His soul is now in *another, another, another* world! May it be a warning to others not to take their own lives. His connections were respectable. His father is a minister of the gospel. His school by this act is broken up, and will not soon be started again."

Abyssinian Mission.—We have received some particulars of the important mission of Capt. Harris and his party to Sooa, in Abyssinia. After providing a few requisites at Alden, they proceeded in prosecution of their journey on board the Euphrates, taking with them 13 artillerymen, and 4 of the 6th royals. We are glad to learn that accounts have reached this of the flattering distinction with which the mission were received at Jeddoora. A better selection than Capt. Harris and his able assistants, Capt. Graham, of the Bheel corps, Lieut. Horton, and Dr. Kirk, could not, perhaps, have been made, and we shall look forward to the result of their mission, with great interest. It was, indeed, high time that some steps should be adopted to counteract the intrigues of the French in that country. The English missionaries—the precursors of the present mission—were turned out of one part of Abyssinia by the French, and it appears that it was mainly brought about by the elder d'Abbadie, who, we have heard, boasts that he did so. Retribution, however, would appear to have already overtaken him; and although no one can entirely justify Capt. Aalane in refusing the d'Abbadies a passage in a public steamer, yet it is quite possible that he may have had instructions to throw obstacles in the way of his proceeding to Sooa. M. d'Abbadie is described in a letter we have seen, to be quite a Proteus—at one time a juggler, fortune-teller, magnetist, and necromancer—at another a Jesuitical zealot—at the same time a most entertaining companion; like Talleyrand, conveying a meaning in every word he utters—although it would be difficult to detect whether it in general may not be precisely the reverse of his real thoughts. The d'Abbadies had sailed for Aoeida on their return to France.

An American School in Syria.—A letter from Beyrout, 25th August, says: "The Americans have in the mountains a gratuitous school, under the direction of a man of merit, a Mr. Thompson, who has 500 Druses as scholars. The Maronite patriarch has forbidden the Druses to send their children there, but they deny his right to favor one school more than another. The Maronites, however, obey the injunction."

The Bankrupt Law.—This law seems to be misapprehended by many; and the attempts of some of our contemporaries to set the public right on the subject, have not been very successful.

If we understand the provisions of the law correctly, the persons who come under its provisions are divided into two classes, *voluntary and involuntary.*

In the class of *voluntary bankrupts*, are included "all persons whatever," rich or poor, merchant, trader, mechanic, farmer, laborer, &c. without any reference whatever to the amount of their indebtedness, *provided* their debts shall not have been created by a defalcation as a public officer, or as executor, administrator, guardian, trustee, or while acting in any other fiduciary capacity; such defaulters cannot have the benefit of the law at all.

In the case of *involuntary bankrupts*, are included all "persons being merchants, or using the trade of merchandise, and all bankers, factors, brokers, underwriters, or marine insurers, *owing debts to the amount of not less than two thousand dollars*," who shall *leave the State with the intent to defraud their creditors*," or shall take any other measures to accomplish such a design.

So that all debtors can *voluntarily* take the benefit of the act, except defaulters; and no one can be *involuntarily* declared a bankrupt, unless it is an intention to *defraud*, and in such cases it is confined to certain classes, who owe a certain amount of money, and the petition must be presented by one or more creditors, to whom is owing the sum of $500.

The following annunciation of a vast improvement by a new modification of mechanical power, must, we should think, attract very generally the public attention:

Electro Magnetique Locomotive.—(Translated for the National Intelligencer from the Echo du Monde, savant No. 653, Paris, 4th Aug. 1841.)—A letter has been received from Leipzig, dated 23d July, stating that Mr. Lewis Gabriel Stochrer, a mechanician of that city, has just finished an electro magnetic locomotive, the greatest part of which is constructed after Mr. Wagner's plan, and which has been purchased by the Germanic Diet. This locomotive is of seven horse power, and will draw three cars full of passengers. It costs about $1000, instead of $7,500, the cost of a common steam locomotive; the supply of it amounts to not more that 60 cents per day.

The experiments which have been made with Mr. Stochrer's locomotive on the railroad between Leipzig and Dresden, left nothing to be desired.

A Nest of Negro Stealers broken into.—The Richmond Star of Thursday gives a long account of the arrest of a negro man named Lewis, who it seems had been in the habit of enticing away slaves from their masters living at Rappahannock, Va. Two of the runaways were arrested on board the steamer Patrick Henry. One of the negroes arrested had in his possession a $100 bill, which he stated was given to him by the Captain of a Yankee vessel, called the North Star, and that said Captain gave him forged papers. He also states that he was to have made his way to Baltimore, where the sea captain promised to meet him.

New Jersey.—By the late message of Gov. Pennington, we learn that the whole amout paid last year for the salaries of State officers, was only $13,720.

The number of prisoners now confined in the State prison, is 151. The number of pardons during the year was 13. The prison is out of debt, and a surplus is now on hand of $1272. The nett profits of the concern during the eight months that it has been under the management of the present keeper, have averaged over $500 per month.

The public arms are in good order and ready for use.

An appropriation is recommended for carrying on a suit, which the Governor notices as follows:

"There is a suit pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, to try the title of the proprietors of East New Jersey to the lands covered by water in this State. The proprietors claim to have the right of soil in all the navigable rivers, and in the bays and arms of the sea; and, as you will perceive, it is a case which reaches our oyster grounds, our fisheries, and our power to build wharves and make docks. This cause is of the first importance to the people of this State, and the claim should be resisted in every legal and constitutional manner."

Emigration.—Westward ho! appears to be still the cry—and wilderness and prairies, continue to be transformed into populous towns and cultivated fields. The Cincinnati Gazette says that a gentleman who recently arrived at Burlington, Iowa, stated that he had travelled to that place from Kentucky, on horseback; that he had taken the trouble to inquire on his route, and thus learned that of these, there were the greatest number on their way to Iowa. He counted over 500 wagons thus destined.

Massachusetts School Statistics.—The amount raised by town taxes the last year, throughout the State for school purposes, was $491,015 23, which, added to the amount of income of the surplus revenue appropriated to the same object, of $9,529 48, makes an annual appropriation of HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS. The number of children returned, between the ages of four and sixteen, is 183,192. The average sum appropriated to the instruction of each child, is $2 70.

It is stated in the American that Mr. John Dougherty, who was so dreadfully injured some time since by being crushed between a car and the side wall of the ticket office, at the Railroad depot, has so far recovered as to be enabled to leave this city for his home in Lancaster, Pa. The case of Mr. D. is a remarkable instance of escape from the very jaws of death. His recollection of the sensations experienced during the accident is distinct, and fearful indeed. His first expectation was that the car would be stopped; but it continued to advance, and thus increased the pressure—those parts of his body which were the most prominent being the first to feel the effects of the crash. In a moment or two he felt his ribs giving way—and to this succeeded the terrible sensation connected with the violent injection of the blood from the body to the head, which felt to him like a burning flame suddenly passing from the latter to the former. At this moment he became senseless, and the car was immediately thereafter stopped and removed backward for his release—the body falling to the ground as that of a dead man. His return to reanimation he described as though he was under the effect of an unpleasant dream, from which he felt conscious he would be relieved when he awoke. To those who saw him after the accident it appeared impossible that he could survive—and yet, through a kind Providence, and the skill and unwearied attentions of Dr. Dunbar, his principal physician, he has been restored to life.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Lotteries in New Jersey.—The Grand Jury of Essex County, N. J. have promptly responded to so much of the charge of Chief Justice Hornblower as related to the lottery business in that State, by presenting the same as a nuisance, and calling upon the magistracy and the people "to aid in prosecuting those who are engaged in committing the offences alluded to, and endeavor in all suitable ways to stop such unlawful practices."

Nutmegs.—A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser cautions the public against the deleterious effects of a too free use of the nutmeg. He says:

"Having recently purchased the article, I took a broken one and put it in my pocket, and in the course of six hours I had eaten about half of it. Soon after I felt a dizziness, and an unaccountable derangement of intellect; transient loss of memory, but a perfect consciousness of all I said or did. I become remarkably loquacious and seemed to be neither in this world nor the other; felt happy and *free from any pain.* I was truly in an indescribable state. I felt as I have supposed one might feel that had been magnetized. My friends were greatly alarmed, and the doctor was sent for post-haste. Bleeding was proposed, but, as I thought I knew at least as much as any one, I was not willing to be bled. After keeping them laughing and crying till about eleven o'clock at night, I retired to bed without any thing having been done for me. I woke in the morning, and was as well as *usual*, having never been sick a day in my life. Since this occurrence, several cases have come to my knowledge in which persons, having eaten of nutmeg, were affected the same as I had been. Had I eaten a little more, I have no doubt it would have proved fatal as I learn it has done in other cases."

RIOTS, LYNCH LAW, &c.

Riot at New Haven.—On Saturday, 30th October, the firemen turned out with their apparatus, for inspection and review. When they were about to try the strength of some of the engines, and for that purpose, found it necessary to lay the hose across the play-ground of Yale College where the pupils were engaged at foot-ball, the latter resisted the interruption, and succeeded in maintaining their position. After dark a number disguised themselves, and broke open one of the engine houses, with axes and other implements, greatly damaged the engine, and cut and destroyed about 200 feet of hose.

While this was going on, the city watch rallied but were assailed with brickbats and other missiles, and so overpowered by numbers that their services were inefficient, and it was not until the alarm bells were rung and the citizens began to turn out, that the rioters dispersed.

The College Faculty view these circumstances with deep regret, and have come promptly forward and offered to repair all damages, and will exercise all the means in their power to prevent the repetition of such offences.

More Lynching Horrors.—We have heard the particulars of a most barbarous and diabolical lynching outrage, lately committed on the big Black Island, near Grand Gulf, by a band of outlaws. Many poor ignorant woodcutters were most inhumanly whipped, and a Mr. Kirkwood basely murdered by the lynchers. They blindfolded him, pinioned him, took him to the river bank, and after getting him in a boat plunged a bowie-knife through his heart, and then threw him into the river. The body of Kirkwood has since been found, and we learn from the last Grand Gulf Advertiser, that an inquest has been held over it.

From private sources we learn that the parties concerned in these disgraceful outrages are known in Grand Gulf and that some of the leading lynchers have fled.—We hope that the names will be exposed, and that the facts disclosed will justify the Governor in issuing his proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. Any quantity of men can be raised here to execute the laws, and bring the culprits to justice. It is high time these lawless proceedings were stopped.—*Vicksburg Sent.*

Horrible Outrages.—Some Texas marauders lately crossed over the line into Louisiana and took forcible possession of a citizen in the parish of Caddo. After they had carried him into the territory of Texas, it was proposed to bury him alive. With this intention, a grave was then dug—the unfortunate man being a witness to their movements. He stood helpless, counting each shovel-full of earth, as the quick termination of his life, surrounded by a gang of desperadoes, ready to crush him beneath the clod, and from whose sentence escape was death. Overpowered with the frightful fate before him, he bounded from his keepers, and rushed into an adjacent thicket; but before his steps had measured many paces over the earth, a heavy volley of musketry brought him to the ground, and there he lay a lifeless corpse, a victim to the insecurity of our border protection. His body, after being cut up, was hung upon the branches of the neighboring trees, there to meet the gaze of the traveller, and tell him of a power that knows nothing of the bounds of law, or of human authority; but, like the howling beasts of the wilderness, would snap the fragile cords of life if interest once stirred up the fatal ire of their wrath upon him whose voice dare rise against their iniquities. The deceased man, whose name was Boatright, had thus offended them: he had, with others of his fellow-citizens, declared himself openly to be opposed to them; and, as might have been expected in a country like ours, where, from the sparseness of frontier population, the avenues to the wrath of banditti are wide open, the unfortunate man had to forfeit his life as a ransom for his alienation to their authority. The citizens of our border country have witnessed these men, under the name of Regulators and Moderators, committing in the territory of Texas some of the most barbarous cruelties of the 19th century.

The country on our border, towards the 33d degree of latitude, is the principal scene of action; and it is but a few years ago that an American, who had shipped from New Orleans to one of their towns a large assortment of groceries and dry goods, was routed out, and his goods forcibly taken off by the gang. Nothing was ever done about it, and the act is now almost forgotten, Awhile ago, one of the captains of the Regulators, and a man that was with him, were shot in a small village of the name of Logansport. The captain and the person with him had not long been gone from the store where they had been making a purchase, when a discharge of muskets was heard by the storekeeper. He rushed out, and soon discovered the two bodies lying on the ground; there was no one near, and he was left to conjecture the cause of their death. Examining minutely the place around, it was not long before he discovered on the earth, beneath two fallen trees, the impress of five or six men; and it thus appears that these two men had been shot down without quarrel or fight, without intimation, and with the most cool determination. In view of their enormities, we cannot wonder why Boatright, or any other American citizen, should have expressed their dissatisfaction. But we shall not seek

Poetry.

From "The Token" for 1842.

LINES

Suggested by a scene in "Master Humphrey's Clock."

BY THE LATE LUCY HOOPER.

"Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage. . . . . There was but one lady who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavorably at *them*,) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake. . . . ."

Beautiful child! my lot is cast;
Hope from my path hath forever passed;
Nothing the Future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbbed, my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Even as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair, pure buds it is thine to bring.
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! mayst thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear;
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below;
Beautiful child! mayst thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair—
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crossed,
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why shouldst thou stay?
There is danger near thee—away! away!
Away! in thy spotless purity;
Nothing can here be a type of thee;
The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow:
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream,
Afar from the world of doubt and sin—
This weary world thou must wander in;
Such a home was once to my visions given,
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned,
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned:
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!

Beautiful being! away, away!
The angels above be thy help and thy stay,
Save thee from sorrow, and save thee from sin.
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit, and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other;
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm, meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their own giving,
For a fleeting twelvemonth has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might waken feelings
Of the love of thy fond, departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revealings—
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber's still seclusion;
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But nought upon earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings, in unchanging grief,
To the image of her mother!

THE CELESTIAL EMPEROR.

The world rests on a tortoise,
And a teapot rests on that,
And on the teapot sitteth
Earth's emperor, fierce and fat.

He's brother to ten comets,
And a dozen suns and moons;
The ocean is his slop-basin,
And his subjects are all spoons.

Forty cups of tea he taketh
Every minute of the day,
And he's owner of a milk-walk,
Called by men the milky-way.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mrs. Shepherd was a better plotter in principle than in practice. No one could be more true, heart and soul, to a cause than was this lady to that which now occupied the attention of the American slaveholders. Though not greatly addicted to indifference respecting her gains, she would have sacrificed many solid dollars, could she thereby have ensured the peaceable continuance of slavery in her native State forever. But in critical circumstances, such as now occupied the active supporters of the system, it is not enough to insure success in the ticklish measures undertaken, that all those made acquainted with them should be faithful and true in their principles—they must also be cautious and prudent in their practice, and this Mrs. Shepherd was not.

Hardly had the two men left her store, than she yielded to the temptation that assailed her, and again summoning Miss Tomkins to fill her presiding chair there, walked into the room where all her "young ladies" were assembled, for the express purpose of bringing Lucy to shame and confusion, by making known her horrible delinquency to her companions.

The poor girl was, as usual, assiduously at work, but with a countenance more cheerful than usual.—Her own situation, indeed, was in nowise altered or mended; and notwithstanding the good-will she had won from nearly all her companions, and the real affection of the pretty creature whose room she shared, this was miserable and cheerless enough.—But the happy prospects of Cæsar and Phebe delighted her, and a gentle smile was on her lip when the grim Mrs. Shepherd entered, and thus addressed her:

"So, Miss!—you're grinning, are ye?—'Tis you, you unnatural abomination of a nigger-fancier, that I'm speaking to—you, Bligh girl, you!—See to her audacious impudence!—if she doesn't look right up in my face! Keep off, ladies,—don't touch her, whatever you do. I am bound by my duty to those whose goodness takes care of us, not to turn the monster out of my house till all the hellish plot is ripe—or maybe she'd be giving notice, and some of those might escape as, thank God! are marked for destruction. But though I'll take care to keep her close enough, there's no need, ladies, that you should, any of you, come within the touch of her."

The astonished Lucy, through the whole of this speech, continued to keep her eyes fixed on the speaker, as did also every other person in the room. Having paused for a moment, to witness and watch the effect she had produced, Mrs. Shepherd lowered her voice, already hoarse with her vehemence, and addressing the lookers-on in a whining tone, she said—

"Don't you pity me, ladies?—Such a house as mine!—when did ever shame enter it before? And now will you credit and believe that two gentlemen of the first standing in Natchez have this day heard, with their own ears, a love-meeting made and settled between that horrid creature there, Lucy Bligh, and a beastly black nigger-man!"

"It is an infamous falsehood!" said Lucy, rising, and looking round her with eyes that seemed to appeal to her young companions for support under this insulting accusation; "a most wicked falsehood. Are there any here who believe it?"

"I'm sure I don't, Miss Bligh," said three young voices, in chorus.

"You don't?" cried Mrs. Shepherd, in a rage.—"Then, come with me, ladies, all three of you, and I'll jest show you how I come by my knowledge of it,—and then say you don't believe it."

Every soul in the room followed her out of it except poor Lucy, who now totally overpowered by the situation in which she found herself, dropt again upon her chair and wept bitterly. While the curious females were engaged in a careful and edifying examination of the very grating, through the bars of which the horrible conversation had been overheard, the unhappy girl had time to recollect all the circumstances that had really occurred, and the very dangerous words which had passed between herself and Cæsar—not, indeed, of the nature so vilely suspected, but sufficient, as she well knew, to expose her brother, as well as his helpless congregation, to great peril. She was rapidly arranging in her head the readiest means of giving Edward and the poor negroes notice that they must again suspend their meeting, when the female troop re-entered the room, the two seniors of the party fully convinced of her guilt, too or three others suspecting or fearing it, and those—even those, whose hearts acquitted her, too much shocked and terrified by the nature of the accusation, and the strength of the evidence, to again venture upon raising their voices in her favor.

"And now, ladies," resumed the triumphant Mrs. Shepherd,—"now, that you all see that I have said no more than I am able to prove, have the kindness to tell me, some of you, how the cretur contrived to get out of your sight, and into that lane, to meet the nasty nigger fellow?"

"I can answer that," said her sallow deputy.—"Don't you remember, ladies, how she got up, and walked out of the room in her impudent, independent way, as much as to say, 'I care for nobody?' And don't you remember, into the bargain, that it was the minute after that little toad, Dido, come in, nobody knows for why, for I'm positive sure nobody called her? And don't you all remember how she poked the tray with the water in amongst the work, just close to Miss Bligh? And how much will you lay, any of you, that the varmint didn't speak to her, and tell her that her blackamoor sweetheart was out there?"

"That's the way, was it?" cried Mrs. Shepherd, in a perfect ecstacy of rage; "that's the way she has been corrupting my property, and bringing slave rebellion and insurrection into my very house! Call in the black viper, one of you: I'll see whether we can't tame her before worse comes of it."

The little trembling Dido was immediately brought before this dread tribunal, and the scene that followed cannot be dwelt upon. The strength of more than one active and practiced female arm was exhausted in lacerating the back and limbs of the unfortunate child, whose ill-timed good-nature had produced such terrible results. Lucy, who was as little used to such a spectacle as if she had been born and bred in that happy land where none for an instant can respire the breath of life and remain a slave,—poor Lucy, in the agony of her soul at this spectacle, not only attempted to interpose an ineffectual effort to prevent it, but uttered words of such indignant reprobation at the executions, as certainly convinced all present that she was in truth an enemy in that camp where slavery was held to be the sovereign good and sovereign safety.

"You hear her, ladies! Now, do you all believe it? And is this a cretur to be left at liberty among slaves and niggers? Be very sure that we shouldn't be long safe in our beds if this wasn't looked to.—I'll send express for Mr. Smith and Mr. Hogstown, outright, and they'll say better than we can what ought to be done with her. She's joined in a rebellion with 'em against the State, that's clear, at any rate; and I expect she'll have to go to prison without delay."

It was no terror for herself that drove the blood from the cheeks and lips of Lucy, and left her pale as marble. She had never moved any one to rebellion; no such act could be proved against her, and she feared it not. But if her brother was, indeed, discovered in the act of secretly addressing Louisiana slaves in the dead of the night, his life might be the sacrifice, and no safety found in the pure and holy object that he had in view. She remained immovable while these thoughts pressed upon her, and answered not a word to the taunts, revilings, and threats with which she was assailed.

Meanwhile the messenger despatched for Messieurs Smith and Hogstown returned with the intelligence that the former "was rode into the country," and the latter not yet returned from New-Orleans. This message was delivered in full assembly, and Lucy was inexpressibly relieved: she flattered herself that before the following morning, she might certainly escape from any power Mrs. Shepherd could employ to retain her; before she was authorised to use violence by those who had power to do so. But herein she greatly miscalculated that lady's respect for the laws: no sooner was she informed that there would be difficulty in conveying Lucy to any other prison, then she determined her own house should serve all the purposes of one in the interval; and, accordingly, she ordered Lucy to mount the stairs before her.

Resistance was totally out of the question; *the deputy*, at a look from her chief, marched up to her side, and seizing her arm with no gentle touch, prepared to enforce the command.

Lucy shrunk from her touch, for she had been second only to Mrs. Shepherd in the violence used upon poor little Dido; and obeying the peremptory command, she walked up stairs to the room she usually occupied, and having entered it, heard the door locked, and double-locked upon her.

Her situation was indeed terrible, being made up of the most serious and well-grounded fears for the future, with inability the most lamentably complete, of using the present interval to avert the threatened danger. She prayed fervently, and in doing so ceased to weep; but the hours wore heavily away, and though the light of day had not yet disappeared, she fancied the time already passed when it should have done so. At length a step approached, and the door was opened. A portion of bread and water was placed beside her; while the poor girl who had hitherto shared her bed was permitted, though with many injunctions to make haste, to remove her night-linen and other necessaries from the chamber. While engaged in collecting these, Lucy observed her to go to a drawer that was appropriated wholly to her own use, and which she knew that Miss Talbot never opened; but now she did so, with rather more than necessary noise, as if hastily seeking some article that she had mislaid,—and as she closed it again, a little short cough accompanied the action. It was enough: Lucy felt that she was not quite forsaken; and having waited till the door was again locked upon her, she hastened to the drawer, and, as she expected, found a scrap of written paper in it.

The rapidly fading light enabled her, with some difficulty, to read the following words, written in pencil:

"DEAREST MISS BLIGH,

You do not think that I believe a word of their wicked slander. I love you dearly, and trust I shall this night prove it. I am to be put to sleep in a small bed in Mrs. Shepherd's room. She keeps the key of your door in her bag, and it will be odd if I can't watch where she puts it when she goes to bed: so expect to hear your door open when it is quite dark. I shall not come in, for fear we should be heard; but I hope we shall meet again somewhere.

"Your affectionate,
"E. TALBOT."

With this ray of hope to cheer her, Lucy lay down upon the bed, certainly not to sleep, but for the purpose of keeping herself as tranquil and as much at rest as possible, in order to be the better prepared for the long walk through the forest which she hoped to perform before the morning.

She waited long in vain. One by one she heard the different doors close, till by degrees the whole house was hushed in the most profound stillness: but still her friend came not, and sick despair had almost taken the place of hope, when a noise so slight as left her almost in doubt whether it were not fancy, called her attention to the door.

For a moment she waited without moving, that if indeed it were Miss Talbot's gentle hand which had produced the sound, she might have time to retreat again to her bed before she risked the danger of betraying her, in case she were herself discovered.—When at length however, she laid her trembling hand upon the lock, it yielded to her touch.

"Soft as a spirit's were her feet,"

As she stole down the lofty staircase. Believing her easiest exit would be by the kitchen, she directed her steps that way, and after a few puzzling and very tormenting difficulties, she at length found herself in the same dark lane in which Cæsar had paid her his unfortunate visit the day before. Her first steps were taken very hastily, though in perfect ignorance as to the way they led; but then finding herself in the open market-place, she became conscious that she was really at liberty, and stood still for a moment to decide in what direction she should proceed.

The first nervous terror of her doubtful escape being over, she became conscious, for the first time, of two circumstances which were both, though in very different degrees, embarrassing. The first and most important was, that she doubted extremely of her power to find the foot-path across the forest which led to her brother's dwelling. The minor evil was, that she had neither bonnet nor shawl to shelter her. The room she shared with Miss Talbot was so small, that these articles were deposited in a closet near the head of the stairs, the door of which she dared not open.

Had Lucy felt strength enough to have walked the long circuit that the wagon brought her, her road would have been easily found, for the track was plain and the stars were bright; but it was too far, and she felt certain that, did she attempt it, the morning would find her exhausted and still far from home. To discover the footpath, was therefore her only alternative, and she set about it with a light foot and a fervent spirit.

At first setting out, her progress was plain, easy, and hopeful; for so many dwellings hung upon the skirts of the town, that in no direction was there any difficulty in finding a well-trod path. With such slight knowledge of the stars as she had to help her, she took the direction of her home; and for a time she fancied she remembered the aspect of different objects which she had passed when Edward had come to the outskirts of the town on a Sunday morning, to meet and conduct her through the wood. But there is nothing so deceptive and beguiling as a forest-path; it will puzzle and delude even during the brightest light of day, and, spite of the stars, might have puzzled Jean-Jacques himself, if their light came as faintly as it now did to poor Lucy, through the matted umbrage of trees that became thicker at every step she took: yet still she walked actively onward, nor paused to think how many miles she had already trod, nor failed from time to time, as some small opening gave her power, to look up to the heavens and ascertain that she certainly was proceeding in the direction of Fox's clearing.

It was not till the light of morning began to steal palely and furtively athwart the forest, and the early twittering of the birds gave a less doubtful notice that the night was past, that our poor Lucy permitted herself to believe that she might in good earnest have lost her way, and that so completely, as to leave her little hope of recovering it.

She had forgotten, in the hurry and agitation of that nervous walk, that the same creek which made it necessary for all wagons to go twelve miles round in order to pass it, was fordable to foot-passengers only at one other spot, where, by descending a very sharp declivity, a point was reached, across which a tolerably active spring sufficed to bear the traveller in safety, and very nearly dry-shod: but this spot she now perceived she had missed, and again and again, after innumerable windings, the impassable creek yawned before her, as if to mock her idle efforts to master it.

Completely wearied and discouraged, she seated herself on the ground, both for the sake of rest and meditation. What should she do next? Not even the tangled thicket above her head could longer conceal the fact that it was broad sultry day, and she dreaded such a total failure of strength as might prevent her making any effectual effort to extricate herself before the return of night. She feared to sleep, and yet felt that this was in truth the only means she had of restoring the strength she so much wanted; so, after weighing deliberately the various perils that threatened her—her decision, aided perhaps at last by the heavy weight that seemed to rest upon her eyelids, she cautiously selected the foot of a tree where no treacherous thicket might afford ambush to a snake, and tying a handkerchief over her head to guard "the portals of her ears," she commended herself to Heaven, and lying down, with her own fair arm for her pillow, was in a few moments fast asleep.

CHAPTER XLIV.

When Mrs. Shepherd, in her tender mercy, ordered bread and water to be again served to the poor prisoner for her breakfast, the species of emotion which she experienced at hearing that she had taken wing, may be easily enough imagined. She raved, she stormed, she accused everybody, and finally sent to summon Mr. Smith, for the purpose of confessing to him that she was gone, together with the very mortifying addition that she neither knew how nor where.

Mr. Smith was in a tremendous passion. His favorite Hogstown had arrived during the night, and they had already enjoyed, over a breakfast of beef-steak and onions, a foretaste of the happiness of getting up a little exhibition of Lynch-law of their own. To be balked in this by the stupid carelessness of a parcel of idiot women—for it was thus he disrespectfully expressed himself—was more than his temper could bear.

Happily for Mrs. Shepherd, her sensible forewoman uttered a suggestion which occasioned an immediate revulsion of feeling in the heaving breast of Mr. Smith.

"Don't you think, sir, that it is impossible she can have got far, and she such a delicate young thing, and that never have been used to them woods at all?"

The admirable judgment displayed by this observation, acted instantly like oil upon troubled water.

"You're not that stupid, Miss, at any rate," said he, abruptly; and without waiting for any rejoinder to this compliment, he darted out of the house like an arrow.

Though greatly vexed to learn that the bird was flown, Mr. Hogstown acknowledged that it would be pretty considerable likely that they should fall in with the nigger-loving miss, seeing that few that didn't know the ground well would be likely to find the crossing of Long-knee-deep creek. It was therefore immediately agreed between them, that they should set out on foot, and calling in their way at Paradise Plantation, get young Whitlaw to join them; after which, if they all started off in different paths, 'twould be queer if one or other of them did not come up with her, and she such a slip of a girl, too.

On this reasoning they acted; and the consequence was, that Whitlaw reached the very spot where Lucy had fallen asleep about five minutes after she had again opened her fair eyes to the light. Had his joy at discovering her been less intemperate, it is probable that she would have been his to have and to hold, at least as a prisoner; but he uttered such a shout of savage triumph, that like a startled fawn, she sprung away, and favored by some thick underwood, among which she threaded her way, he lost sight of her directly.

Uttering an oath, yet nevertheless but little discouraged by a flight that he knew could not carry her far, he followed the direction she had taken; but it was some time, owing to the nature of the ground, before he caught sight of her again; and when he did, she was standing motionless, and appeared to be earnestly gazing at some object that had arrested her steps; but what, trees and bushes still prevented him from seeing.

His rapidly-advancing step made her turn her head, when once more darting forward, she was again hid from his view. His distance, however, from the place where she had been standing, was very trifling—a few active bounds mastered it—and looking in the same direction through the trees that she had done, he saw her, equally to his surprise and mortification, surrounded by a party of armed Indians.

When Lucy had reached the spot from whence this wild group was visible, she started, with very natural terror and dismay, for no figures could in truth be better calculated to inspire such feelings. Four long, lank figures of the Choctaw tribe, well armed, but with hardly more clothing than the wild animals of which they were in pursuit, were suddenly visible to her, at the distance only of a few yards.

Their occupation was certainly that of peace, for they were cooking some of the game of which they had made prey; but there is an unspeakable look of savage wildness about this race, which, however little there may be now to dread from them, might well create a shudder, when encountered by a lonely female in the depths of a dark and gloomy forest.

Her first impulse was to retreat, and so silently as to remain unnoticed by them; a matter of no great difficulty at a moment when one great instinct of their nature was about to be satisfied by the meal they were preparing, and when another—the aptness to perceive and guard against approaching danger, once equally strong within them—was blunted, and in a great degree extinguished forever, not so much by the careless boldness that assured security gives to civilization, as from the reckless indifference produced by having nothing more to lose.

Lucy stepped back; and if her garments moved the leaves around her, no Choctaw head was turned to see whence the movement came; but the very moment that she joyfully perceived this to be the case, her own ear, more quick to catch alarm, made her conscious that Whitlaw was close upon her.

The terrible words, "I have got you, have I!" which he had shouted with noisy triumph when he first caught sight of her, left no doubt that he was in pursuit of her, and that if she fell into his hands, all hope of giving her brother timely warning, would be lost. This recollection, and something, too, in the general appearance of the *civilized* man, which terrified her even more than the painted and scarred features of the Indians, stopped short her retreat, and after a moment of trembling uncertainty, during which her heart beat as if it would have burst through her bosom, she rushed suddenly forward, and threw herself on her knees, before one of the Choctaws, who being idly seated apart, she rightly judged to be their chief.

It was certainly no feeling of terror that startled the four savages as she thus suddenly appeared among them; or if it were, it must have been somewhat of a superstitious nature, for it really seemed as if her light and beautiful figure had risen from the earth beneath their feet, so totally without preparation of any kind was the apparition. For a moment, they looked at her and at each other as if awe-struck; but in the next, feelings of kindness and good-will evidently took place of all others, and with that look and manner which is of all the languages of the earth the most intelligible to woman, they made her feel that she was safe.

Comforted and reassured beyond her most sanguine hopes, yet still trembling, and with cheeks and lips as pale as death, she rose from her knees and endeavored to make the men comprehend that she had fled from some enemy in the wood. She was perfectly understood, and four rifles of prodigious length were instantly handled in a very masterly and warlike style.

If Whitlaw remained long enough at the post he had reached to witness this manœuvre, it is probable that he thought he had seen enough of Lucy for the present; for no farther sight or sound reached her to renew her alarm on his account.

The Choctaw chief, who had read poor Lucy's languid and exhausted condition in her face as ably as if he had been the most skilful physician of New Orleans, pointed to the seat he had left, and made her a sign to take it; this she did thankfully, and with a smile that so plainly told him so, that no words could have expressed it better. He then drew from his belt a flask of that magic liquid which, far more than arts or arms either, had led to the subjugation of his own and all the other tribes that once strode over that gigantic continent as its lawful and its only masters;—in plain English, he offered Lucy a flask of rum.

Her first movement was to shake her head and refuse it; but the sinking faintness within, which led her to fear that even now, with her four savage but kindly guards around her, she might still be incapable of reaching her home before the light again failed, taught her better wisdom, and she put the rude bottle to her pretty mouth, with the courageous resolution of swallowing what might be sufficient to revive her strength. But the experiment did not answer well, for the mouthful she took very nearly choked her; and neither their respect nor their pity could prevent a general laugh among her tawny friends, at the effect it produced.

No animal, however, is so inventive as man, when his ingenuity is set to work to aid the suffering and weakness of a woman. One of the party who was engaged in supplying wood to the fire, over which some half-dozen rabbits hung roasting, started off among the trees, and returning in a few moments, addressed his companions, who each produced a flask, among which he disposed of the remaining contents of his own, and setting off again as he had done before, he speedily brought it back filled with such brackish water as he could get from some swampy hollow, and then contrived to blend it in such judicious proportion with the rum of another flask, that Lucy, albeit unused to such a beverage, even in this tempered state, now swallowed a draught of it, greatly to the advantage of her powers, both of mind and body.

Meanwhile, the dangling rabbits reeked in savory wreaths of very appetising smoke, and the hospitable savages again proved their powers of invention by twisting the bright leaves of a tulip-tree together, till such a pretty pattern of a basket-plate was formed, as Mr. Wedgwood might have purchased at high cost. And then was a rabbit carved most manfully by three strokes of a hatchet, and the choicest morsel laid upon the plate of leaves, and an instrument, something between a knife and a dagger, put into Lucy's little hand, and the plate most reverently laid upon her knee, as she sat upon the species of throne allotted her; and in short, the timid, weary, harassed Lucy Bligh, made a repast, surrounded by her four Choctaws, which many a pampered epicure, waiting for a lagging appetite that will not come, might have envied.

When the meal was ended, and the poor girl with renovated spirits had smiled her thanks to each, she began to labor with all her skill of signs and gestures, to make them understand that there was still another service they must render her—even the guarding her through the forest till she had found the friend she sought.

This was, however, no easy task. She succeeded perfectly in making them comprehend that she still feared some one who had pursued her, and the long rifles were again handled, and each one pressed closer round her, as if to tell her that they would "buckler her against a million;" but when she strove to explain to them the way she wished to go, it was quite evident that they were all at fault.

The place at which she had found them, was an old clearing that might have been formerly cultivated, but which appeared to have been long forsaken; no remnant of a fence, nor any other symptom of its being near a human residence, remained, and it was hopeless for her to attempt leading them with her in any direction, as it was quite as likely that she should go farther from Fox's clearing, as that she should approach it.

At length, however, she succeeded in making them understand that she wanted to pass the creek. One of its numerous windings brought it to a point which she had reached but a short distance from the place where she had slept; and remembering this, she walked towards it, beckoning them to follow her. They did so, instantly; and having reached the steep side of the ravine, it was not difficult to make them comprehend that it was her wish to find herself on the other side of it. She flattered herself that the well-known familiarity of these people with every inch of forest-ground, would enable them to lead her to the pass by which the foot-way from Natchez to many a forest dwelling led. But here she was disappointed. No sooner did the gentle savages discover that she desired to cross the creek, than they set to work to make the doing so easy for her, but never appeared to think that there could be the least difficulty in achieving this exactly at the spot where they stood. They rapidly wove together a hurdle of branches, and having made signs to her to lay herself upon it, which she fearlessly obeyed, two of them caught her up, and she was down one side, across the water, and up the other steep and rugged bank, almost before she was aware of what they were about. This certainly was a great and important assistance, as it was now just possible that she might set off in the right direction; and if she did so, there would be no longer the fear, or rather the certainty, of meeting this ever-yawning chasm to stop her progress.

But it was at least equally possible that she might set off wrong; and as the right was but one, and the wrong many, the probabilities were sadly against her. She now pronounced the names of various farms, which were all in or near the direction in which she wished to go; but, alas! her friends could only shake their heads and pronounce some very unintelligible words in return.

What to do, she knew not. To remain thus strangely, though safely accompanied, was impossible; and rather than do so, without making some effort to extricate herself from her embarrassing position, she determined to walk straight on and take her chance as to whither the doing so might lead her. She wished, and indeed hoped, that the friendly Choctaws would accompany her; for the dread of Whitlaw, and of being again made a prisoner, haunted her; but she knew not how to make known either her purpose or her wishes, and therefore set off without attempting it, trusting wholly to their sense of her helpless and unprotected situation, as an incitement to their continuing near her.

Nor was she deceived in thus trusting. The apparent chief of the party placed himself at a few paces before, one of the others kept at a similar distance behind, and the other two flanked her right and left, taking care, however, never to approach her so nearly as to lessen the appearance of respect with which they seemed desirous to treat her.

In this way they proceeded, whether right or wrong Lucy had still no means of judging, for about two miles, when a report of a rifle from among the trees, and very near them, caused the whole party to halt. A scout was immediately despatched in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, and the rest stilly and silently awaited his return. In less than ten minutes the man returned, followed by a hunter—or, to use the phrase of the country, a gunner—armed cap-a-pie for the chase. He was a fair young man, with bright, curly locks, and light, blue eyes, whose gay and good-humored expression might have encouraged the most timid female to address him, even in circumstances of less desperate need than those which beset Lucy.

The young stranger exchanged a few words with the Indians, in their own tongue, and then advancing, cap in hand, towards Lucy, begged to know if he could in any way assist her.

As briefly as possible she explained her situation, stating that she had lost her way in the forest, and encountered the party of Indians, who had shown the kindest inclination to befriend, but ineffectually, as far as concerned her finding the road, for they could not understand her questions.

"Do you, sir," she continued, coloring and trembling with anxiety for his answer,—"do you chance to know a little farm called Fox's clearing?"

"Fox's clearing?" said the young man, eagerly; "that is the residence of Mr. Bligh—is it not? I cannot be mistaken, your resemblance to him is most striking,—surely, you must be his sister?"

"Is it possible that you know my brother, sir?" replied the delighted Lucy. "Edward Bligh is indeed my brother. Are we near his home?—how very fortunate I am!"

"I am sure, Miss Bligh, I shall consider myself so, if I can be in any way useful to you," said Karl Steinmark; for it was his happy countenance, beaming with good-humor and benevolence, that the poor wanderer had had the extreme good fortune to encounter in this desolate region. "Tell me," he added, "what I can do to serve you?"

"You seem to speak these good men's language," replied Lucy. "Will you express to them, as strongly as you can, my sense of their great kindness; they have fed and guarded me as if I were a child of their own nation."

"Poor people!" said Karl, mornfully; "their nature might have been better dealt with."

"And will you, sir, give this money?" she said, presenting her little purse: "I wish I had more to offer them."

Karl performed his part, as ambassador and interpreter, very gracefully, and, excepting in the matter of the purse, was most graciously received and listened to; but, respecting this, the tawny heroes were inflexible; uttering, as with one voice, their refusal of payment.

"Have you anything about you, the most trifling thing in the world, by way of token and remembrance," said Karl, "that would delight them?—but you must not press payment upon them."

Lucy's hand was instantly in her pocket; and she drew thence a small silver knife, and a pair of delicate scissors.

"Ah! these will delight them," said Karl.

"But here are but two things," said Lucy mornfully, "and I could not bear to leave two forgotten."

"I dare not offer to help you out," said Karl, smiling, with any of my own pocket furniture, for I am quite sure that those who got my things would look with quite as jealous eyes upon those who got yours, as if they were left unremembered entirely."

"Though they will not take money," said Lucy, rejoiced at the bright idea, "they will not perhaps refuse the purse, especially if you tell them that it was made by myself."

"Excellent!" cried Karl, "the very best thing possible: and suppose I make up the number with my powder-horn?"

Lucy again put her hand in her pocket, and drew thence all that remained in it; namely, her cambric handkerchief—and—her thimble.

No sooner had Karl thrown his eyes upon this last article, than he uttered an exclamation of delight.—"My powder-horn!—a dozen powder-horns would not redeem this!—Now, then, Miss Bligh, if you will make your offerings, I will attend you with the best explanation I can."

Lucy did so; and the grace and feeling she contrived to throw into the simple act of presenting to each the little token by which they were to remember her, almost caused her interpreter to forget the explanation he had promised to give. But an appealing look from her recalled him to his duty; and he performed it so well, that each and all of her honored guard retired to follow their way as much gratified and as happy as she wished to make them.

The affair being thus satisfactorily adjusted, and Karl and the lady left alone, he renewed his inquiry of how he could be useful to her.

"Can you tell me the way to Fox's clearing?" she said, or tell me even in what direction it lies?"

"I doubt if I could even do that," he replied, "for I have never been there; but if you will permit me, Miss Bligh, to lead you to my mother and sister, I can assure you a most cordial welcome, and much nearer rest and shelter than Fox's clearing. In fact, we are not more than a mile from Reichland, and your brother's home lies beyond it."

"Indeed I will go with you very thankfully," said Lucy, "for I doubt if I could walk many miles farther. Your name is Steinmark, then, sir?" she added: "I thought it could be no other."

However fatiguing the mile appeared to Lucy, it certainly seemed no very long walk to Karl. The gentleness, intelligence, and refinement which he, in common with all his family, had remarked in Edward, with that sort of liking with which qualities highly prized and rarely met are requited, were all found, as he thought, more remarkably still in his sister, and without that settled sadness on the brow, which to a gay spirit like that of Karl was inexpressibly painful, often checking the kindness it longed to offer, from the fear of bringing annoyance instead of relief.

It was with something like a feeling of triumph from having found what would be so welcome to all, that Karl led his pale and exhausted companion into the common sitting-room at Reichland; but poor Lucy felt great embarrassment from becoming the object for so many eyes, kind though they were, to fix upon, and the more so, from the complicated length of narrative which she thought would be necessary to explain why it was that she had been found so strangely.

She knew not how fully her name was enough, if not to explain her present situation, at least to render all explanation unnecessary; she knew not that her dear Edward, though often silent and sad on other subjects, had warmed into eloquence and admiration when she had become the subject; and still less did she imagine that the favorable impression thus made had been strengthened by the almost rapturous encomiums of Cæsar, who had managed, since his residence among them, to assure the family, one and all, that the whole wide world did not contain any one person so fitted with virtues and good gifts of all sorts, as his quondam mistress, Miss Lucy Bligh.

Unconscious of all this, Lucy shrunk from the affectionate eyes that were fixed upon her; and having vainly endeavored to tell the gentle Mary, who hung over her, with maternal kindness, why it was that, with uncovered head, and thus wholly unprotected, she with unwomanly boldness attempted to traverse the forest alone. Having attempted this, and failed, from weakness of many kinds, she stopped short, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

It was Lotte who now came forward, and gently drawing her mother aside, knelt down in the place where she had stood, before Lucy. The young girl sympathised with the young girl's feelings; she understood her shyness—she felt for her fatigue, for her embarrassment, even for her dishabille, and whispered to her, in the voice of confidence and affection,

"Come up stairs, dear Lucy!—come to my room, dear friend!—I know you will be better there."

Lucy knew it, too, and pressing the hand that had taken hers, she rose, and accompanied her new friend, as she led the way to a quiet, comfortable little room, up stairs.

This was exactly the situation and the consolation that was most likely to restore her; and here it was that, without restraint or embarrassment of any kind, she related the whole of the circumstances which had befallen her, from Cæsar's unlucky visit, to the fortunate arrival of Karl Steinmark, at the spot where he found her surrounded by her body of Choctaw guards.

Lotte listened with the most earnest attention, and without saying a single word to interrupt her; but when the narrative was ended, she manifested the interest she took in it, by her anxiety immediately to consult her father as to what steps should be taken to secure the safety of Mr. Bligh.

"Undress yourself, Lucy, and get into bed; I am sure your limbs must feel stiff and aching, after such a night. You must have some coffee, and lie quite still for an hour or two; by that time your brother will be here, and then you shall come down and assist at the general consultation.

So saying, she gave her an affectionate kiss, and left her.

The tale was listened to by all the party, with indignation and anxiety. The state of the public mind, through all the southern States, respecting the slave population, and the general acknowledgment of the necessity that the strongest means should be resorted to, in order to insure the continued subjection of these unhappy people, was well known to Mr. Steinmark, who was watching the struggle between the two parties, with the deepest interest.—He saw at once, that the violent detention of Lucy was the purpose of preventing such a notice of the discovery of the prayer-meeting being conveyed to her brother, as would prevent its taking place. The immediate danger was avoided, by the noble exertions of Lucy; but it was so evident that young Bligh must now be a marked man, that Frederic Steinmark instantly determined to hasten his own departure for Europe, that he might convey both Edward and his sister from the country, that their virtues had rendered so dangerous to them.

His first care was to summon Edward; and Hermann, who knew his abode, from having on some former occasion accompanied him home, was despatched to Fox's clearing for this purpose; while a very joyful degree of activity was communicated to the rest of the family, by the information that all hands must set to work in order to prepare for departure by the earliest ship that should leave the port of New Orleans for Europe.

The sale of his highly-cultivated and very valuable property at Reichland, he had already nearly settled with Colonel Dart, on whom, with his usual good-nature, he had called the day before, in order to negotiate the purchase of Phebe; and on mentioning to him, as one way of advertising the property for sale, that it was his intention to dispose of it previously to his setting off for Germany, that very wealthy gentleman declared himself ready to become the purchaser, at such a valuation as three respectable persons, competent to judge the value, should put upon it.

Nothing, in fact, could be more agreeable to Colonel Dart than the opportunity to make this purchase. He had a much larger capital than he knew how to employ; and, moreover, was very sincerely rejoiced to find that a proprietor who cultivated his land with free labor, was about to take himself away.

The happy Phebe, it was already settled, should come to them on the morrow, and, together with her intended husband, accompany them to Europe. The Baron Hochland declared himself perfectly ready to start at the same time, though complaining a little at the stern decision of the whole family, that Lotte should be bestowed on him in the presence of her uncle, and on the soil that gave her birth. In a word, all preliminaries for departure had already been so nearly arranged, that it was evident that a little extra activity might enable them to proceed to New Orleans in the course of a week.

Never was the satisfaction of a whole household more general and complete, than that of Frederic Steinmark upon this occasion. From Mary, who now prepared to change her usual mode of doing everything so quietly, that her agency could sometimes be scarcely detected, into the bustling rapidity that seemed absolutely necessary to keep her *au courant du jour*, down to the German laborers who had accompanied them out, and now were right glad to acc